

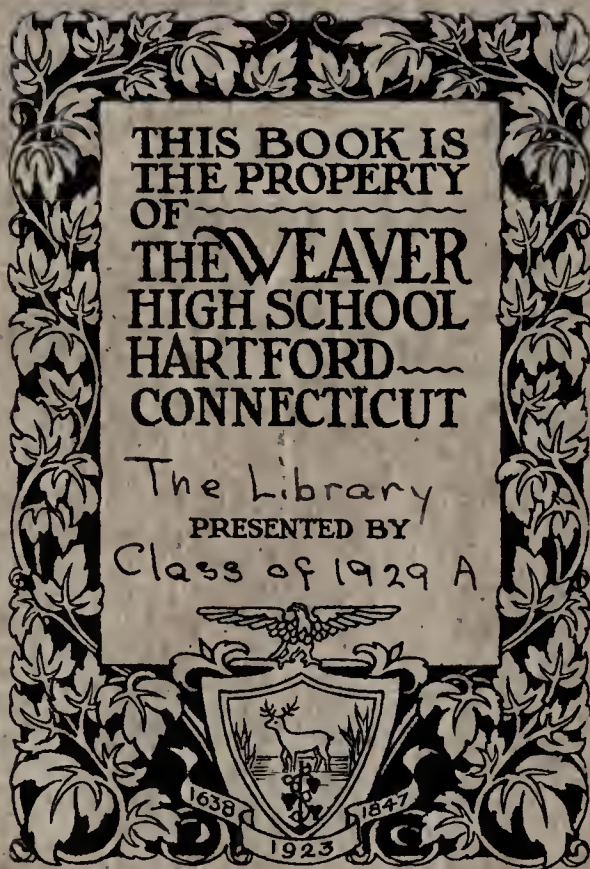
*The*  
**CLASS BOOK**  
OF 1929 ~ A





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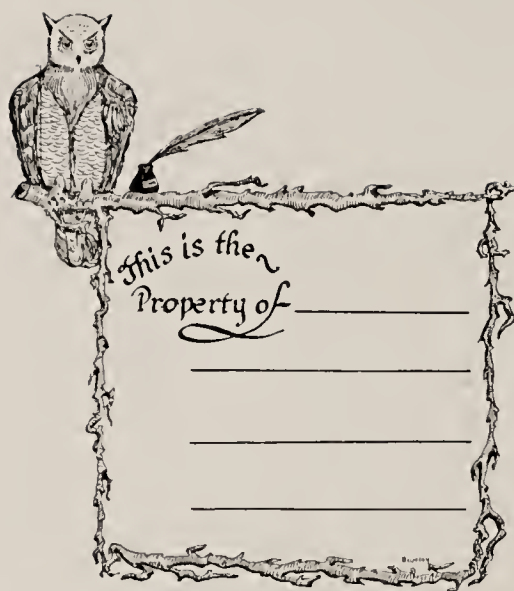




The  
Class Book  
of  
1929  
A



Published by the Graduating Class  
Thomas Snell Weaver High School  
Hartford, Connecticut



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## AUTOGRAPHS

# Dedication

We, the Class of 1929 A

respectfully dedicate this

Class Book

to one whom we shall long remember

for his friendliness,

wit, and good sportsmanship,

a teacher among teachers,

a man among men

E. Allan Maines, A. B.





E. ALLAN MAINES, A. B.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The *Class Book* Staff wishes to announce its appreciation of the services of:

Miss Hood and Miss Craig, as faculty advisers of the Editorial Board.

Mr. Stanley, as faculty adviser of the Business Board.

Miss Forbes in supervising the preparation of the Class Night and Graduation programs in time for publication in this book.

The Frank Irving Cooper Company, Architects, in the loan of the halftone views of this school.

## FOREWORD



It is with mingled feelings of pride, hope, and doubt that we place in your hands this *Class Book*—pride in our accomplishment, hope and doubt as to your reaction. In publishing this book, we have attempted to be neither very deeply serious, nor entirely humorous. Above all, have we tried to eliminate any statements which might cause injured feelings. If we have knocked, we have knocked lightly, with no petty feeling, and always good-naturedly. This book, however, needs no apology. We feel sure that any possible slight—a slight which in all probability will seem ludicrous, even to the one who has suffered it, a few years hence—will be entirely erased by the value of this book as a reminder of the days at Weaver.

May the Spirit of '29A ride triumphant over all!

R. P.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## CLASS BOOK STAFF

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# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## CLASS ROLL

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## CLASS ROLL

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### *BOYS*

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Luther P. Adams	Morton J. Levine
Morris Alexander	Leon Levitow
Samuel Beleskie	Nathan Lieberman
Isador H. Berson	Paul Mitnick
Hyman H. Bronstein	Reuben Peiss
Sidney H. Burness	Robert J. Peterson
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Albert N. Glassman	Milton Schlossberg
Nathan Glider	Bernard Schulman
Abraham R. Goldberg	George J. Sherman
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Malcolm R. Knox	Maurice Wolotsky
Morris Yousman	

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## CLASS OF 1929A

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*Our Motto*  
Virtus nobilitat

*Class Colors*  
Green and Silver

*President*  
David W. Leader

*Chairman Reception Committee*  
Gilbert A. Williams

*Historians*  
Rachel L. Cassiff  
Hyman H. Bronstein

*Orator*  
Paul Mitnick

*Prophets*  
Janet Smith  
Manuel M. Goldstien

*Marshal*  
Leon Levitow

*Essayist*  
Lucille DuBoff

*Treasurer*  
Benjamin S. Sind

### *Committees*

*Motto Committee*  
Margaret Smith  
Eva Solloway  
Arthur L. DuBrow

*Tie Committee*  
Jonas A. Kaufman  
Milton Schlossberg

*Color Committee*  
Frances Gladstein  
Millicent M. Leader  
Lillian Kulick

Eunice Montei

*Reception Committee*  
Paul V. Johnson

Robert J. Peterson

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## EVERETT H. ADAMS, JR.

"Steve"

"Is this that gallant, gay Lothario?"

East High School, Rochester, N. Y. Athletic Association.

"Steve" came from Rochester, and immediately started to ride on the crest of a wave of popularity. This can only be taken favorably. We know that his quiet, unobtrusive manner and pleasant wit made him a favorite, and we wonder how much those arguments in Democracy class helped out.



## LUTHER P. ADAMS

"Lu"

"At every word a reputation dies."

North-west School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Boys' Commercial Club 2A, 4B, Secretary, President 4B; Assistant Editor of "The Lookout" 4B.

One of "Lu's" chief characteristics is what may be called an expressive silence. We suspect, however, that his pen supplanted his tongue, for we know of his earnest work for "The Lookout." He is the kind of fellow who gets things done without much noise, and we know of few more admirable traits than this.

## JENNIE S. ADELMAN

"Johnny"

"The pleasing punishment that women bear."

Arsenal School. Girls' League 2A, 4B; A. A. 1B, 4B; "Chronicle" Typist 3B, 4B; "Class Book" Typist.

Our expert stenographer! "Johnny" knows that hard and conscientious work is the secret to success, and no one has been more conscientious than she in her work for "The Chronicle" and the "Class Book."





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



**MORRIS V. ALEXANDER**

"Morry"

"A proper man as anyone shall see on a summer's day."

North-west School. Boys' Club; A. A.; Junior Usher.

"Morry" became a "heap big frat man" in his Junior year and then he stepped out. He certainly had some "queens" in West Hartford and in Weaver. He was always quiet and well dressed in school, and almost too reserved in his studies. But, "Morry," stay serious, for it's the serious men who succeed in life.

**FLORENCE ALTSHULER**

"Sanny"

"Endow'd with sanctity of reason."

Bulkeley High School. "The Lookout" Board 3B, President; C. H. L. S. 4A; Choir 2B, 4B; Girls' League 2A, 4B; A. A. 1A, 4B.

Florence's interest and devotion, to her work cannot escape notice. Her sincerity and hard work have stamped their mark upon her actions and, consequently, she is well respected. By the way, you should see "Flo" do an aesthetic dance.



**MILDRED L. BEIZER**

"Milly"

"She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won."

North-east School. Girls' League; Senior Committee; A. A.; Ingleside Club 4A, 4B.

Mildred is one of our best looking girls and, oddly enough, in view of this quality, very popular with the boys. Her dark, auburn hair has caught the fancy of many a boy and has been a source of envy to the girls. We know she's had a good time at Weaver.

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## SAMUEL BELESKIE

"Sam"

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

North-east School. Boys' Club; A. A.; "Chronicle" Business Board 2A, 4B, Circulation Manager of "Chronicle" 3A; "Class Book" Business Board; Choir 2A, 4B.

"Sam" is the class Robin Hood. His jolly, smiling features are very much in the limelight when they choose to be. But "Sam" is modest—ah! too modest, and he remains to the casual observer a very quiet young man. Don't be deceived, though. Just look at those merry eyes.



## IRVING H. BERSON

"Fat"

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell."

North-east School. A. A.; Boys' Club, Treasurer 3A; Orchestra 2A, 4B; Inter-High Orchestras 3B, 4B, Librarian; Basketball Team 2B.

Here's another of those musical Berson's. He could play most wind instruments and was Mr. Price's mainstay. Though he was a good catcher, scholastic misfortune invariably kept him from the team. He made most of the inter-class teams, but did not succeed in his studies so well. "Fat's" conscientious "plugging" as a Senior bodes well for him and shows that he'll get somewhere in the future.

## ROSE BICOV

"Ro"

"What, my dear lady Disdain!"

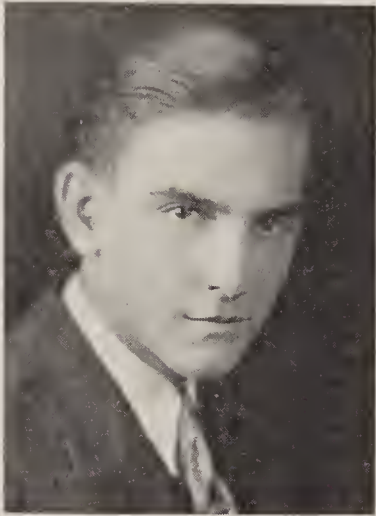
Chauncey Harris School. French Club 3A, 4B; C. H. L. S. 3A, 4B; A. A.; Girls' League.

Rose has the modern girl plainly written over her. Yet with Rose this seems to have proved an asset. Although she works after school, not in 227, you may be sure, she has plenty of time to be as gay and as "peppy" as ever.





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



**HYMAN BRONSTEIN**

"Shrimp"

"For I am nothing if not critical."

North-west School; Debating Club 3A, 4B; Honor Society 4A, 4B; Junior Usher; A. A.; Boys' Club; Class Historian.

"Shrimp" is an uncontrollable evil, for his vocal organs are in perpetual vibration. Many times his wit overflows its natural sources. Besides, he comes from New Britain. He is, however, one of the most popular members of our class.

**SIDNEY H. BURNES**

"Sid"

"I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips,  
Let no dog bark!"

North-west School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Choir 2A, 4B; Glee Club 2A, 4A, Vice-President 4A; Dramatic Club 3A, 4B; Junior Usher; Honor Society, Secretary; Business Manager of "Class Book."

Weaver got a great gift when it got "Sid." If you don't believe it, ask him. He's quite an actor. "Red Head", did you enjoy kissing Cinderella's hand?" Often he condescended to speak to us, but how important "Sid" was as Business Manager of the "Class Book." Keep plugging, "Sid"; maybe you'll get a job securing ads for the "Times" or "Courant."



**MARION F. CAMPBELL**

"Tiny"

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

North-west School. Choir 3A, 4B; Girls' League; A. A.; Girls' Business Club 3A; Ingleside Club 4A, 4B, President 4B; Glee Club 4B.

Marion is one of our most pleasant classmates, but we never see her around very much. It's not that she is so inconspicuous when she is around (she isn't that small), but that she is absent so frequently. We suspect, however, that when she is absent, she practices singing, for Marion is another of our future Ponselles.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## RACHEL CASSIFF

"Red"

"You'd scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage."

Hartford Public High School. Girls' League; Choir 3B, 4B; Glee Club 3B, 4B; A. A.; Honor Society; Arts-Crafts Club 3B, 4B; Dramatic Club 4A, 4B; Historian of Class.

See that impish breeze with a red tassel going down the corridor? That's "Red" Cassiff, a pert, vivacious Miss who is always marching spryly on her toes. Her smile for all is as characteristic of her as her hair. She spent two years at Hartford Public High School, but soon came to our notice at Weaver as a mathematics "whiz." Oh! don't forget, she's quite an actress, too!



## GENEVIEVE F. CLARKIN

"Red"

"Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Hartford Public High School. Girls' League 2A, 4B; Girls' Business Club 3A, 4B.

"Gen" believes that her golden locks are her crowning glory and we make no objections. Hail to the champion female glass blower of Weaver! In 1932 "Gen's" going to mount the soap box for "Al" Smith.

## VALENTINO D. CLEMENTINO

"Clem"

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

North-west School. A. A.; Boys' Club.

Valentino is not what his name implies. Though a descendant of that passionate Latin race, he is far from a "sheik." If the saying "Silence is golden" is true, Valentino is solid coin. His smile is very rare, but is as broad as daylight.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



**BERNARD J. COUGHLIN**

"Pinkie"

"Yet have I in me something dangerous."

North-east School. A. A.; Boys' Club.

"Pinkie" was always a happy-go-lucky chap with a sleepy appearance and a Southern drawl. If it hadn't been for his slight build and scholastic difficulties, "Pinkie" would probably have won a letter in football and baseball; but, 'twas not meant to be so. Let's hope he'll get to his work a little earlier than he came to school—he'll need to.

**AILENE A. DARLING**

"I"

"A mighty hunter, and her prey was man."

North-east School. Girls' League; A. A.; Arts-Crafts Club 2A, 3B; Ingleside Club 4B.

At least one girl has a fitting last name, and that's Ailene. She really is a darling, hence her popularity with the boys. Hers is an unusual popularity, inasmuch as she really is a very quiet girl.



**LUCILLE DuBOFF**

"Lu"

"Is she not passing fair?"

North-west School. Girls' League; A. A.; C. H. L. S. 3A, 4A; Dramatic Club 3A, 4A; "The Lookout" Reporter 4A; Choir 2A, 4A; Glee Club 3A, 4A; Class Essayist.

Lucille has dignity, beauty, and poise; and, ah, we almost forgot, dramatic ability too. Besides, she wears some of the loveliest dresses—straight from New York, rumor says—that can be seen around Weaver.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## ARTHUR L. DUBROW

"Art"

"For I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Henry Barnard School. Boys' Club; A. A.; Choir 2A, 4B; Glee Club 2A, 4B; Varsity Football 4B; Member of Motto Committee.

Perseverance must be "Art's" middle name. It took him three years to make the football team and though he didn't get his studies easily, he usually got pretty good marks. His bulk always made him a tower of awe in the class. He knew almost every girl in the school but was really not so "fast" as he would have one believe. "Art" should be a man of weight in his big chosen "profession."



## FLETCHER J. FRELIGH

"Fletch"

"Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest."

North-west School. Boys' Club; A. A.

Fletcher is quiet and unassuming, and does not mingle a great deal with the rest of the fellows. His hobby is photography and he has a great interest in that art.

## ABE S. GARBER

"Abe"

"Canos hirsuta capillos."

Hartford Public High School. A. A.; Basketball Squad 4A.

Abe came to us from Hartford High, and immediately made his presence felt by rattling off Latin rules at a breath-taking pace. Gradually, he settled down to normal and became an ordinary Weaverite. Abe is an optimist of the rarest sort. He believes that the younger generation is going to the devil, but is enjoying the delightful descent.





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



FRANCES GLADSTEIN

"Fran"

"They say there are sixty different ways in which a woman may like a man."

North-west School. Girls' League 2A, 4B; A. A. 1A, 4B; Girls' Business Club 3A, 4B; French Club 3A, 4B, President 4B.

Frances is one with personality plus, but somehow one doesn't appreciate it until one talks with her. "Fran" is one of our best dancers, and how she can glide!

SYLVIA C. GLADSTEIN

"Syb"

"And mistress of herself though China fall."

Henry Barnard School. Girls' Business Club 3B, 4B; Girls' League 2A, 4B; A. A. 3A, 4B; "The Lookout" Typist; "Class Book" Typist.

Sylvia always seemed to be engrossed in her stenography. And how she can tickle the keys of a typewriter! She certainly got plenty of practice working for the "Class Book."



ALBERT N. GLASSMAN

"Al"

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Washington Street School. Glee Club 2B, 4B; Dramatic Club (Producers' Group) 2B, 4B; Boys' Club; A. A.; Choir 2A, 4B; Varsity Squad, Football.

"Al" is noted for his football prowess, his love for chemistry, and his corned beef sandwiches. In football he is the mainstay of the team, staying mainly on the bench. In chemistry he covers himself with glory and also with nitric acid. "Al" is a "connoozer" in good foods through his long experience at the Empire Delicatessen.

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## NATHAN GLIDER

"Ned"

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

North-east School. Boys' Club; A. A.

"Ned" claims the distinction of never having worn long pants to school. Though he's quite bashful, he knows a "peach" when he sees her (probably as the result of intense study of his private art gallery). His "nooz donnonz" certainly amused us in French.



## ABRAHAM R. GOLDBERG

"Abe"

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

North-east School. Boys' Club; Choir 2A, 4B; A. A.

"Abe" has done something that few Weaverites have accomplished. In his four years at Weaver, he never recited. But how he could talk outside of school! On entering high school, he became quite serious and even took five subjects for a time. He made up for this by taking only three as a Senior. He once used an electric lawnmower when he needed a shave. But, say what you may, his Lizzies, which he could take apart and reconstruct without Bolt 752 or Cog 96, were the marvels of all Weaver.

## BENJAMIN L. GOLDENBERG

"Ben"

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

North-east School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Classical Club 3A; Junior Usher; Editorial Board of "Class Book"; Honor Society 4B.

When "Ben" entered Weaver he crammed and made the honor roll a couple of times. He also wrote some stirring articles and was a member of the Latin sharks. "Ben" has always been a bit girl shy, although he is an admirer of the female sex. But after all this, a man of his thinking capacity ought to get far in his life's work. "Ben's" going to be a dentist—let's all pull with him.





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



SIDNEY M. GOLDSTEIN

"Sid"

"He will laugh thee to scorn."

North-east School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Upper Class Choir 2A, 4B; Orchestra 3A; Classical Club 3A; Junior Usher; Editorial Board of "Class Book"; Glee Club 2B.

"Sid" is a young fellow, "fresh" in his wit, disposed to mocking laughter, and with the earnest ambition to become a banker. At the present time, however, he is handing out bacon and eggs to A. & P. patrons. Don't be despondent, though, "Sid." A wealthy female will eventually be charmed by your looks and then you will be able to sleep till 11 o'clock every Saturday morning; or else your natural ability will get you there.

MANUEL M. GOLDSTIEN

"Manny"

"I am Alpha, and Omega, the beginning  
And the end, the first and the last."

Central High School, Springfield. Boys' Club; A. A. Football Team 4B; Tennis Squad 4A; Track Squad 3B; Junior Usher; Dramatic Club 3A, 4B, Vice-President and Treasurer 4B; Debating Club; Glee Club 3A, 4B; Choir 4A, 4B; Honor Society 4B.

"Manny" reminds us of Siegfried, the dragon-killer, the blonde giant from the far North—Springfield, Mass. He has quite a way with the ladies and that curly hair certainly attracted myriads. "Manny" was a member of those Latin sharks and his loud voice pervaded Room 227. His argumentative ability should help him when the legal profession claims him for its own.



NORA GOTKIS

"Nat"

"Oh wearisome condition of humanity."

Wilson Street School. Girls' Glee Club 2A, 4B; Choir 2B, 4B; Girls' League; A. A.

Nora is our Fiery Radical. She has the courage of her convictions, and is not afraid to speak up. Her flaming red dress is a challenge to all conservatives, stand-patters, and reactionaries. Fifty years ago she would have been in the front ranks of the suffragettes, but she is now the advocate of the poor and oppressed. Oh yes, Nora is fond of music, the "Internationale" being her favorite song.

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## VICTOR I. HARRIS

"Vic"

"You speak as one fed on poetry."

North-west School. Boys' Club; Honor Society; Junior Usher; Assistant Editor of "Class Book"; Second Scholarship Prize 1A; First Scholarship Prize 3A; Second Ranking 4A; Valedictorian.

"Vic" is of the intellectuals, but not of the obnoxious intellectuals. When he says something it has a meaning; and somehow, though he is fond of quotations, we never tire of hearing them. He is quiet and deep, and gives the impression of competence—competence not only in scholastic endeavour, but on the athletic field (Keney Park), for "Vic" is quite a football player.



## FRANCES A. HERSHKOWITZ

"Frankie"

"For courtesy wins woman as well as valor may."

Hartford Public High School. Girls' League; A. A.; Girls' Commercial Club 3B, 4B; Choir 2A, 4B; "Class Book" Typist.

Frances is one of the neatest girls we know; a look at her person will easily affirm this. Her neatness doesn't far surpass her courtesy, either, and these are only two characteristics of a very charming personality.

## ALICE V. JOHNSON

"Al"

"Secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster."

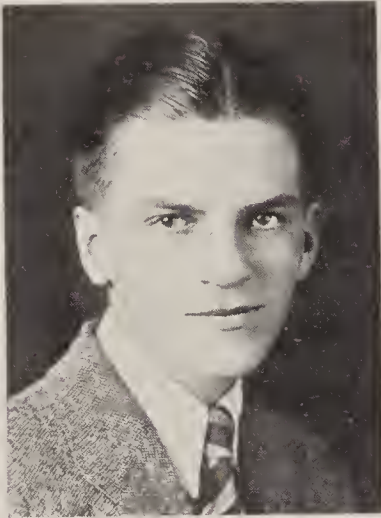
North-east School. Girls' League; Choir 2A, 4B; Glee Club 4B.

Alice is really the "girl of mystery." She is hardly known to us or the class. But we do know that her silence is accompanied by perseverance. She was for a time out of our class, but she "plugged" right back. Good work, Alice.





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



**PAUL V. JOHNSON**

"Val"

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

North-west School. "The Lookout" Editor-in-Chief 3B, 4B; Commercial Club 4A; Debating Club 4A; A. A.; Boys' Club.

Paul is quiet, and a hard worker. For the past year he has devoted most of his extra time to "The Lookout", and his deft editorial hand is making itself shown in the paper. Unlike most story-book editors, Paul is not a grouch but a "regular fellar."

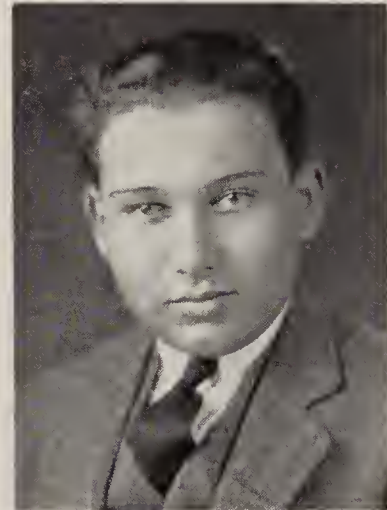
**JONAS A. KAUFMAN**

"Jo"

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

North-west School. Classical Club 3A, 4A; Arts-Crafts Club 4A, 4B; Boys' Club; A. A.; "The Lookout" Editorial Board 4A; Editorial Board of "Class Book"; Tie Committee.

"Jo" is the jolly jester, the crafty cartoonist, and the wily wisecracker of the class. He once tried to write a serious theme, but gave it up as a bad job. The English teachers have since used up numerous red pencils on his masterpieces of coördinated thought. As for his ties—oh, his ties! they reach the heights of flamboyant, fantastic, and feverish draperies.



**SOPHIE KENIG**

"So"

"A still, small voice."

North-west School. Girls' League; French Club 3A, 4B; Dramatic Club 4A, 4B; Editorial Staff of "Class Book."

We all look with wondering eyes at the exceedingly neat and trim Sophie. How does she achieve her meticulousness? Ah! That's one of her dark secrets! There is a merry humor and a love for beautiful dancing peeping out of her brown eyes. We really envy and admire such daintiness!

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## EVELYN E. KILRAY

"Ev"

"Red as a rose is she."

North-west School. Ingleside Club 2A, 4B; Girls' League; A. A.; Upper Choir 3B, 4B.

Three cheers for Evelyn. She's a good sport, a good athlete, and a staunch and loyal Weaverite. While she is not an outstanding member of our class, she is a good citizen, which in itself deserves commendation.



## ANNA E. KLEIMAN

"Ann"

"She is so constant, and so kind."

North-east School. Choir 2A, 4B; A. A. 3B, 4B; Girls' League 1A, 4B; Ingleside Club 2B, 4B.

A fellow will never make a mistake by taking "Ann" along on a motor trip—she took Auto Mechanics. "Ann" is quite cute. She's also ambitious and is capitalizing her knowledge gained in auto mechanics by managing her father's store.

## MALCOLM R. KNOX

"Mal"

"Man delights me not, nor woman either."

Hartford Public High School 1925B. Boys' Club 3B, 4B; A. A. 3B, 4B; Arts-Crafts Club 3B, 4B.

Here is another of our silent brigade. "Mal" is well up among the class in scholarship. We hear he aspires to become an artist. If he applies himself as diligently and efficiently to art as he has to his studies, he can't help being a success.





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



LILLIAN KULICK

"Peppy"

"My lord, you know what Virgil sings  
Woman is variable and most mutable."

Arsenal School. Choir 4A, 4B; C. H. L. S. 4B; A. A.; Girls' League.

We are glad that "Peppy" decided to come back this term. With her came bobbed hair and silver-rimmed glasses. We hardly recognized her, even though she is the same dignified, sweet one. We should like to know just where she acquired the knowledge for her arguments.

DAVID W. LEADER

"Dave"

"He was a burning and a shining light."

North-west School. Boys' Club; A. A.; Debating Club 3A, 4A, Secretary-Treasurer 4A; Dramatic Club 4A, 4B, President 4B; Glee Club 2A, 4A, Librarian 3B, President 4A; Choir 2A, 4B; Junior Usher; Honor Society, President 4B; Second Scholarship Prize 2A; Ring Committee; President of Class.

Despite his black thatch, "Dave" is 1929A's "white-headed boy." Since he has won every class and club election in which he has participated, it is safe to assume that he is, perhaps, a bit popular. We suggest that he adopt as his motto, "Stick with the unshaven chin, and ride to victory."



MILLICENT M. LEADER

"Mil"

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

North-west School. Ingleside Club 3A, 3B; Junior Orchestra 3A, 3B; Girls' League; A. A.; Color Committee; Editorial Board of "Class Book."

Millicent has a lovely smile that often displays her pearly teeth. She has a reputation for cheerfulness, and we have never seen her quarrel. She holds, therefore, among the girls, about the same degree of popularity as her brother does among the boys.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## DOROTHY E. LEVINE

"Dot"

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Arsenal School. French Club 3A, 4B; Girls' Business Club 3A, 4B; Girls' League; A. A.; "The Lookout" Board 4A.

"Dot" just seems to express the height of Dorothy. Yet her stature has by no means impaired her ability. Dorothy is witty and to her may be applied the three C's—Cool, Calm, and Collected.



## MORTON J. LEVINE

"Congo"

"For most men (till by losing rendered sager),  
Will back their own opinions by a wager."

North-west School. Boys' Club; A. A.; Upper Choir 2A, 4B; Classical Club 2A, 3A; Junior Usher; Honor Society 4A, 4B; Glee Club 2A, 4A; Business Board of "Class Book."

Morton's angelic, freckled features have long been a landmark in Weaver. He is as conspicuous and fiery as Mussolini. He reached the climax of his career when he was termed "pugnacious" by a certain Latin teacher, but fell to the lowest depths when he was termed "Cutie" by another one.

## LEON LEVITOW

"Tub"

"'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

North-west School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Classical Club 3A, 4A; Glee Club 2A, 2B; Choir 2A, 4B; Football Team 4B; Tennis Team 4A; Baseball Squad 4A; Basketball Squad 3A, 4B; Class Marshal.

"Tub", a six-foot monarch, was one of the best-liked of our class. He was quite a "sheik" and his massive frame attracted many of the weaker sex. As a rule he got in "dutch" with his teachers but then took out his wrath on Congo ("Tubby" was really unaware of the full extent of his strength). "Tubby's" argumentative instinct will get him into many a hole, but his great size will counterbalance this and make him a man of great heft in his life's work.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



NATHAN LIEBERMAN

"Nate"

"A little saving is no sin."

North-east School. Boys' Club; A. A.; Choir 2A, 4B; Glee Club 2A.

"'Nate' Lieberman's a printer's son  
And a printer he'll become."

Yes, he has that mark of most printers—eye-glasses. "Nate" was a good Boy Scout and meat-man. After the first hundred cuts he hardly chopped up his hands. As an ice-skater he'll always be as good an arm-breaker. But "Nate" must be given credit as a plugger. He plods along his own weird course, but he usually gets there just the same.

ITRIA L. LOMBARDO

"E"

"Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark."

Brown School. Choir 1A, 4B; Glee Club 2A, 3B; Girls' League; Girls' Leaders' Corps 1A, 4B; A. A.; Ingleside Club 2B, 4B; Arts-Crafts Club 4A, 4B; "The Lookout" 4A, 4B.

Itria is a lively and merry girl. Her bright-colored clothing is a proof of her merry spirit. All joking aside, if you haven't heard Itria sing, there's another good thing you've missed.



MARTINA C. LYNCH

"Tina"

"I love tranquil solitude."

North-west School. Girls' League; A. A.; Business Board of "Class Book"; French Club 4B.

Martina never seems to idle much, but is eager to get her work done. She is another member of the Latin quartette. She does enjoy an occasional vacation on Friday, however. Martina knows her work, but if she has any doubt on a topic, she refuses any attempt to make a recitation—a characteristic which oft bewildered both her teachers and her friends.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## ROSE J. MEISTER

"Mickey"

"Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye."

North-east School. Girls' League; A. A.

Rose appears to the majority as being quiet but to those who know her she's not quite so. We admire her faithfulness as a friend and her pleasant manners.



## PAUL MITNICK

"Peche"

"For even though vanquished, he could argue still."

A. A.; Boys' Club; Debating Club 3A, 4A; Classical Club 3A, 4B, President 4A, Executive Committee; Exchange Editor of "The Lookout" 4A; Class Orator.

Paul talks like Dumas's "Porthos"—"Il parle pour le plaisir de parler et de s'entendre." He talks an especially fine game of handball. No description of Paul would be complete without mentioning his temerity in the "chem lab." There he has distinguished himself by his subduing of the fiery magnesium, and the death blow which he dealt to hydrogen chloride.

## FLORENCE E. MOFFITT

"Flo"

"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

North-west School. Girls' League 3B, 4B; A. A. 3B, 4B.

Florence is so quiet that she is scarcely noticed. But to one who has observed her closely, she appears to be very conscientious, grave, a fine sport, and a good athlete.





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



EUNICE MONTEI

"Eune"

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

North-west School. Dramatic Club 3B, 4B; Arts-Crafts Club 2A, 4B, Vice-President and Treasurer 3B, Secretary 4A, President 4B; Girls' League 1A, 4B, Executive Board 2B, 3A; A. A.; Ingle-side Club 2B, 3A.

Eunice is a very quiet and innocent little girl in school. But, did you ever see her in action? Pep? Speed? Just watch her. She outdoes them all.

REUBEN PEISS

"Ruby"

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

North-east School. A. A.; Boys' Club; First Scholarship Prize 2A; First Scholarship 4A; Junior Usher; "Chronicle" 3B, 4B, Editor 4B; Honor Society; Editor of "Class Book"; Salutatorian.

"Ruby" has so many brains that if he had a couple more he'd need to be twins. The way he could talk French and quote Latin rules was nobody's business. He didn't go out for much except "The Chronicle", but there he wrote some good editorials. If he makes the honor roll of life as consistently as he has in school (and he probably will), he'll be a great man.



ROBERT J. PETERSON

"Pete"

"Beware the fury of a patient man."

Weaver Boys' Commercial Club 4A; Reception Committee; A. A.; Boys' Club.

Robert is one of our most cheerful classmates. He just breezes along in a happy-go-lucky way, never seeming to be going anywhere in particular, but endearing himself to all. He didn't seem to know what an enemy was; in fact, the only one that could incense him was an English teacher.

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## CARL POCH

"Poke"

"He draweth the thread of his verbosity  
Finer than the staple of his argument."

Grenville High School, Cleveland, Ohio. Boys' Club; A. A.

Carl came to Weaver in his Lower Senior year and immediately began to flood the classrooms with "Wells." When he took time off from oratory, however, he became a reg'lar fellow, as likeable as any. Carl hopes that some day the Weaver students will be studying "Poch's Orations."



## BLANCHE PODNETSKY

"Butch"

" 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning head laid on."

North-west School. Girls' League 3A, 4B; A. A. 3A, 4B; Girls' Business Club 3A, 4B, President 4B; C. H. L. S. 3B, 4B, Vice-President and Treasurer 4A, President 4B.

"Butch" has had her share of laughter and fun. Many times after a hearty laugh little dewdrops could be noticed making its way down her cheeks. Her ever-present smile was an indication of her good nature, which made lighter the task of all who met her. The class needed a few more like Blanche.

## JOSEPH R. ROSENTHAL

"Joe"

"I am ever merry when I hear sweet music."

North-east School 1925. Choir 2A, 4B; Glee Club 2A, 4B; Boys' Club; Orchestra 1B, 4B; Inter-Class High School Orchestra 3A, 4B; A. A.

"Joe" is an example of the artistic soul buried under the rubbish of worldly pleasures. His artistry and his appreciation of beauty which sometimes peeps forth, especially in themes, are submerged under a river of worldly cynicism and suppression of sentiment. Some day he'll climb upon the shore of a life in which he is true to himself.





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



**PHILIP SACK**

"Phil"

"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

Arsenal School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Glee Club 2A, 3A; Choir; Football Squad 2B; Varsity Baseball 4A.

"Phil" aspired to be an athlete and succeeded in baseball. He had an awful drag with his French and Latin teachers and surely could talk and sing when not called upon. Even though "credet equos", he had some wisdom to get through Latin 8. Let's hope you'll settle down and get more serious, "Phil."

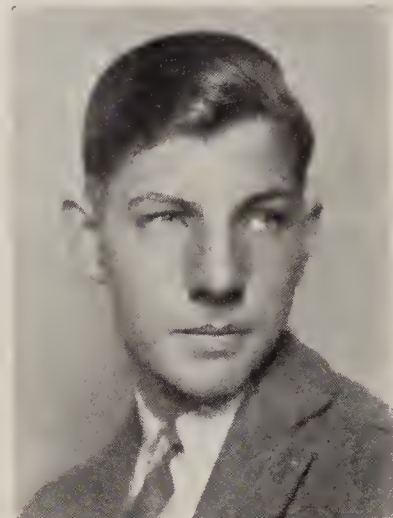
**G. DOUGLAS SALMON**

"Doug"

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

North-west School. Radio Club 1B, 2A; "The Lookout" Editorial Board 3A, 3B; Boys' Club; A. A.; Football Squad 4B; Editorial Board of "Class Book."

"Doug" is a likeable chap who seems to be everywhere and nowhere. During the last term, he suddenly and mysteriously developed a liking for the middle part of New York State. Between his wanderings about the school, "Doug" took time off to do some editorial work for "The Lookout" and the "Class Book."



**MEYER J. SCHLAR**

"Mike"

"A hit, a very palpable hit."

North-east School 1924A. Boys' Club; A. A.; Baseball 2A, 4B, Baseball Captain 4B.

Meyer is a plodder. He goes about his duties systematically and quietly. If he fails, he picks up where he first started and begins again. This quality, we suspect, may have a great deal to do with his prowess as a baseball player, and it certainly accounts for the respect tendered him by all of us.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## MILTON SCHLOSSBERG

"Trixie"

"By sports—are all his cares beguiled."

North-west School. Boys' Club; A. A.; Football Squad 2B, 3B; Football Team 4B; Basketball Squad 2B, 4B; Baseball Team 2A, 4A.

"Trixie" is our nearest approach to an all-around athlete, participating in 'varsity football, baseball, and basketball. He is not exactly girl-shy as many a fair Weaverite will tell you. Milton is a member of the A. H. O. L. (Ancient and Honorable Order of Lenoxites).



## BERNARD SCHULMAN

"Bernie"

"To be, or not to be: that is the question."

Hartford Public High School 1926. Debating Club 3A, 4B, Executive Committee 4B; Boys' Club 2B, 4B; A. A. 2B, 4B.

"Bernie" is a fellow whom few understand. He has really a very thoughtful mind, and has ideas that not one out of ten would harbor. His difficulty lies, however, in finding words to express what he thinks. In trying to explain, he often gives one the wrong impression; but, if he ever conquers this weakness, we shall hear something worth while.

## GEORGE SHERMAN

"Professor"

"Tempt not a desperate man."

North-east School. Boys' Club; A. A.

"Professor" was the Hartford News's only rival. He didn't associate much with anyone but his magazines. Keep it up, George, and maybe some day, somehow, you'll own the Curtis Publishing Company.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



**BENJAMIN S. SIND**

"Ben"

"I awoke one morning, and found myself famous."

Arsenal School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Glee Club 2A, 3B; Choir 2A, 4B; Junior Usher; Class Treasurer.

"Ben" is our idea of ye perfect gentleman. Always with a cheery smile on his features, he strides lengthily through life. And his complexion!—you know the kind she loves to touch.

**JANET SMITH**

"Chink"

"For her own person,  
It beggared all description."

North-west School. Girls' League, President 4B, Vice-President 3B, Secretary 3A; Dramatic Club, Secretary 3A, 4B; Girls' Glee Club, President 2A, 4B; Honor Society, Vice-President 4B; Class Prophetess.

Janet has charm, beauty, and is good-natured. Anyone seen Janet? Why, yes. She's busy with Girls' League, Dramatic Club, Glee Club, et cetera. Her smile alone can account for her popularity with the boys as well as girls. We all make a deep bow to "a jolly good fellow"—Janet.



**MARGARET SMITH**

"Peggy"

"Her voice was soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Swissvale High School, Swissvale, Pa. Girls' League; Senior Orchestra 2B, 4B; Concertmaster 4A, 4B; Inter-High School Orchestra 3B, 4B; Honor Society.

Being a member of the Latin quartette, Margaret can usually be found in the morning translating. Thus she always knows her lesson. She is very quiet, rarely mixing with the other students, and, above all, she is meticulous, especially about her hair.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## SAMUEL SOHN

"Sam"

"The sleep of a laboring man is sweet."

North-west School. A. A. 1A, 4B; Boys' Club 2A, 4B; Basketball Squad 3B.

"Sam's" smallness of stature does not necessarily argue smallness of character. In fact, his generosity amounts almost to a fault. He was voted the best sport, and he is a "jolly good fellow."



## EVA SOLLOWAY

"Eve"

"Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind."

Hartford Public High School. Arts-Crafts Club 3A, 4B; A. A.; Girls' League; French Club 4B, Vice-President and Treasurer 4B.

Eva is good natured, and generally quiet. Sometimes, however, we are surprised by the spark of devilry which is hidden in her. She is always anxious that her homework be done, and every morning before school, she is seen with the Latin quartette, busily translating. Eva hopes that one day she will be famous as a dress designer.

## ALEXANDER M. SPALTER

"Alex"

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

Arsenal School. Boys' Club; A. A.; French Club 2A, 4B, Vice-President.

"Alex" is the classic example of the Teacher's Terror. With his confrere and brother-in-arms, "Phil" Sack, he holds the all-time record for involuntary retirement from the French Class. If all the separate noises emitted by Spalter were laid end to end, they would make a fearful racket.





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



COLEMAN TULIN

"Unc"

"Crafty men condemn studies."

Arsenal School. Boys' Club; A. A.; Choir 2A, 4A; Arts-Crafts Club 3A; Assistant Business Manager of "Class Book."

Coleman is a friend of the Arts, photographic and Sillman, the late member of our own class. Dame Rumor hath it that not the least of his accomplishments is a peculiar skill in the gentle art of "faisant des excuses." He certainly manages to get along with no great effort.

ROSE M. VALLERA

"Chick"

"A good woman is always quiet, rather than talkative."

Brown School. A. A.; Girls' League; Girls' Business Club 3B, 4B.

Rose is one of those who prefer a few staunch friends to a great number of acquaintances. Consequently, she did not mix with us very much. From what we know of her, however, she seems to be an interesting talker, once started.



DORIS I. VISCO

"Dot"

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Commerce High School, Springfield, Mass. A. A. 4B; Girls' League 4B.

Doris came from Commerce High of Springfield and promptly proceeded to show an unusual combination of beauty and brains, as evidenced by the ever-present circle of male admirers and those dear little report cards. We should certainly have liked to have had her with us before, but even in these few months she has won a definite and high place among us.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## FREDA WALKER

"Free"

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

North-west School. Arts-Crafts Club 2A, 4B; Ingleside Club 2A, 4B; Girls' Glee Club 3B, 4A; Choir 1A, 4B; Girls' League 1A, 4B; A. A. 3A.

Freda is one of those small, but "oh my" persons and, incidentally, is quite the essence of dignity becoming a Senior. One should continue; she's dainty and that is why her taste in clothing, especially footwear, is exquisite.



## THOMAS WALSH

"Tom"

"I bear a charmed life."

Saint Thomas Seminary. A. A., Secretary 4A, President 4B; Football Squad 3B; Basketball Team 2A, 4B.

"Tom" is popular for his vivid Irish personality and his athletic prowess. His forte is basketball and few can excel him there. How much the school thinks of him is shown by his election to the presidency of the A. A.

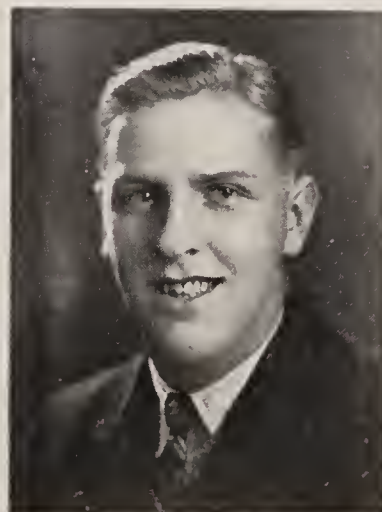
## GILBERT A. WILLIAMS

"Gib"

"The front of Jove himself."

North-west School. Boys' Commercial Club 4A, 4B; Football Squad 1926; Varsity Football 1928; Senior Choir; A. A. 1A, 4B; Chairman Reception Committee.

Behold one of our biggest (not only literally) members. Besides being a football player deluxe, and quite a "sheik", "Gib" is chairman of the reception committee. With this combination, how can the girls resist him? His biggest asset, however, is his own pleasant personality, and we'll all bear witness to that.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



MAURICE WOLOTSKY

"Moe"

"He was the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

North-west School. Boys' Club; A. A.; Choir 4A.

"Moe" always had innumerable "gym" periods to make up, but that didn't worry him. He was happy-go-lucky and his drawl could be heard above the mob as he argued with "Spike." His writing is practically undecipherable, but that will help him in his bookkeeping when he takes over his father's paint shop. "Congratulations upon your romance with Ann of Boston, "Moe."



MORRIS YOUSMAN

"Spike"

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Arsenal School. Boys' Club; A. A.

"Spike" is the class paradox. One would never suspect him of harboring an intellectual thought, but, nevertheless, he is quite a thinker. By the failure of the gods to endow him with Dubrowian proportions, Weaver lost a Cagle in the bud.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## LAURA BRUEGGESTRAT

### "Bubbles"

"It is well to lie fallow for awhile."

North-west School. A. A.; Girls' League; Ingleside Club 1A, 4B.

Laura is busy and buzzing with her affairs outside of school, but she can always snatch a moment or two from her engrossing affairs to smile. Haven't you heard about traveling in Germany? Ask Laura; she'll tell you all about her trip.

## MATILDA J. COHN

### "Tillie"

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

North-west School. Girls' League 2A, 4B; A. A. 1A; C. H. L. S. 2B.

The scorned art of talking egotistically is carried out by "Tillie", and she was voted the most sophisticated. We have been told that she enjoys her English class immensely and agrees in all details with the teacher. We wonder if it's true.

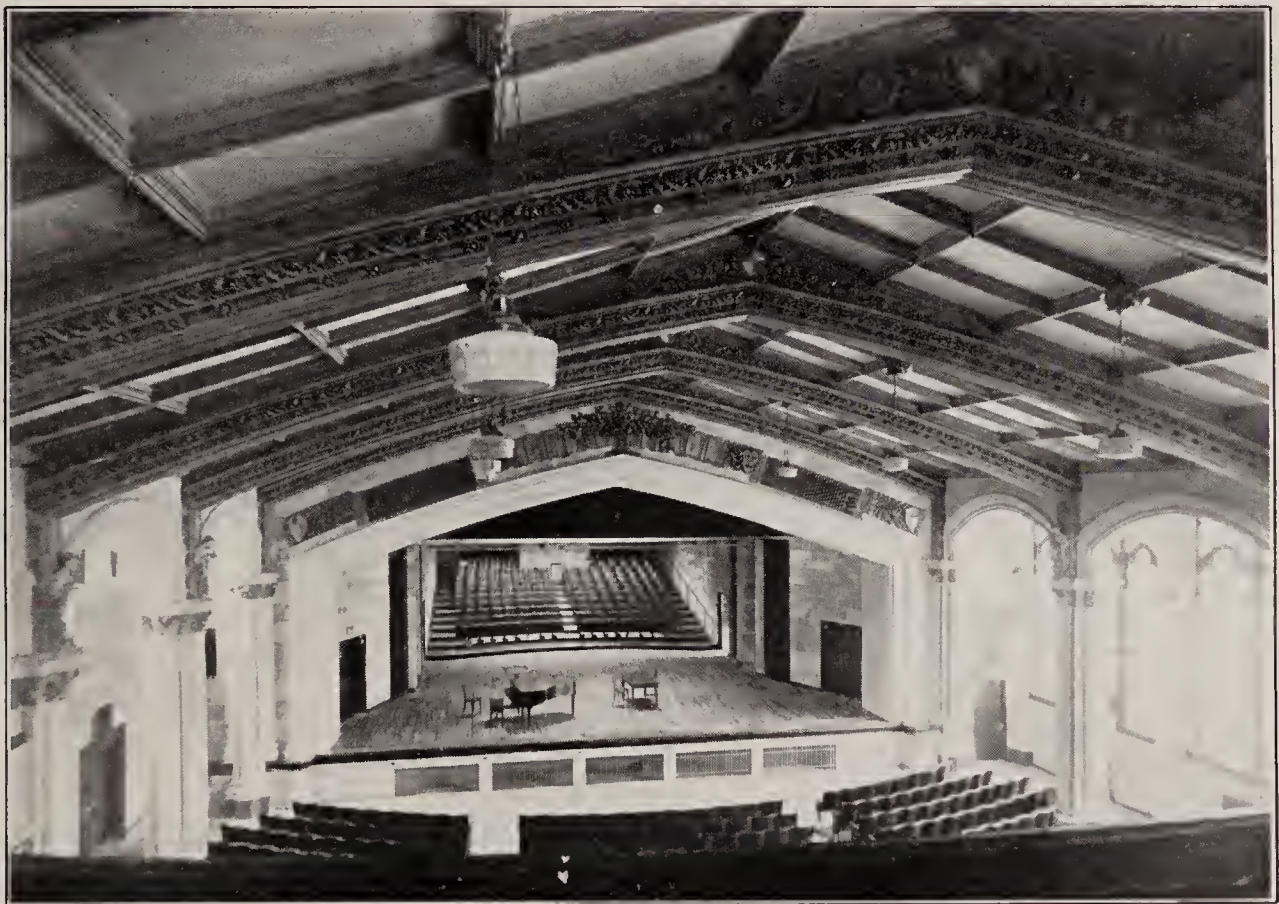


THE THOMAS SNELL WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL





ASSEMBLY HALL—FROM STAGE



ASSEMBLY HALL, STAGE, AND REAR CLASSROOM—FROM BALCONY





THE LIBRARY



THE GYMNASIUM



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## CLASS NIGHT PROGRAM

Friday, January 25, 1929

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.....	<i>David W. Leader</i>
CLASS SONG.....	<i>The Class</i>
Words by Sylvia Gladstein Music by Frances Hershkowitz	
ORATION.....	<i>Paul Mitnick</i>
TRUMPET SOLO.....	<i>Joseph Rosenthal</i>
Accompanied by Millicent Leader	
ESSAY.....	<i>Lucille DuBoff</i>
CLASS SONG.....	<i>The Class</i>
Words by Sidney Goldstein Music by Arthur DuBrow	
CLASS HISTORY.....	<i>Rachel Cassiff, Hyman Bronstein</i>
VIOLIN SOLO.....	<i>Margaret Smith</i>
Accompanied by Millicent Leader	
CLASS PROPHECY.....	<i>Janet Smith</i>

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## GRADUATION PROGRAM

Wednesday, January 30, 1929

Valse Ballet, by Granier—The Orchestra	
SALUTATORY.....	<i>Reuben Peiss</i>
RIPING AND ROTTING.....	<i>Benjamin Sind</i>
GROOVES AND GRAVES.....	<i>Janet Smith</i>
ADVENTURE NOWADAYS.....	<i>Morton Levine</i>
Homeland, by Huerter—The Orchestra	
FEAR.....	<i>Arthur DuBrow</i>
THE LOST ART OF DANCING.....	<i>Sophie Kenig</i>
THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS.....	<i>Sidney Goldstein</i>
VALEDICTORY.....	<i>Victor Harris</i>
Les Toreadors, by Bizet—The Orchestra	
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.....	<i>Mr. Fred D. Wish, Superintendent of Schools</i>
<i>ALTERNATES</i>	
AT THIS VERY MOMENT.....	<i>Rose Bicov</i>
THE BABY AND THE PISTOL.....	<i>Ben Goldenberg</i>

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS

*Parents, Teachers, Friends:*

In accordance with custom, we have assembled here tonight in a body before you, who are most concerned with our welfare, to review the outstanding history of our past four years and to visualize what may be in store for us. Each of our futures will be different, for our education has opened up many possibilities to us. Without our high school education, would not success be difficult to obtain? Now who knows what we may become? A President of the United States, a great actress, a doctor with a cute Van Dyke, an expert bridge player, or a floorwalker in a five-and-ten cent store! Indeed, great hopes are now raised for us, and not without a true foundation.

We are about to sever connections with Weaver High. We may not be weeping, but still there is a pang of sorrow at leaving this beautiful school. Some of us will miss it because it was easy, others because it meant struggle, but we shall all miss it. But wherever we go in life, we will not forget the ideals and principles, especially those of loyalty and sportsmanship, which we have learned in our experience here.

Whether successful or not, our high school education is over now. We signalize the end of our attempt, humorously and seriously, by Class Night and Graduation. We have long been awaiting this climax to our efforts. And tonight's program also marks a change: the history and prophecy will be given different from the customary method of a play. But I assure you that you will not be disappointed in this novelty, for those whom we have chosen to keep this event forever fresh in our memories have done their best. Whether or not it was due to our superstition, we have no testator.

I trust you will enter into the spirit of the occasion, and find some enjoyment in what we have to say. And in behalf of the Class of 1929A, I cordially welcome you to our Class Night Exercises.

DAVID W. LEADER.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



# CLASS SONG

*Words by Sylvia Gladstein*  
*Music by Frances Hershkowitz*

Farewell to you O Weaver High, To - night our dreams come true, And  
even though we leave you now We'll still be proud of you, Our hap py days  
at an end, Your greatness we pro-claim, To you we pay de - vo - tion strong with  
fervor for your fame

CHORUS

Dear old school we sing her praises, Green and White we cheer.  
and  
For her friendship her honor Our Alma Mater dear, In our hearts you'll  
be re mem bered. We grieve to say good - bye. Twenty - nine A  
bids farewell to you O Weaver High.

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## ORATION

### CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL



O you know a play called "Justice", by the famous English writer, John Galsworthy? It tells us how a young man, who had never done anything unlawful in his life, through sheer force of circumstances forged a check for a small amount of money and was made to pay the penalty for this crime. "Gentlemen of the jury," cries the eloquent orator appealing for the defense, "men like the prisoner are destroyed daily under our law for want of that human insight which sees them as they really are, patients, and not criminals. If the prisoner be found guilty, and treated as though he were a criminal type, he will, as experience shows us, in all probability become one. I beg you not to return a verdict that may thrust him into prison and brand him forever. Imprison him as a criminal, and I affirm to you that he will be lost."

Nevertheless the young man was incarcerated for having transgressed. This young man just making his ascent up the ladder of society and business, a man of fine character and noble ideals, who through absolute compulsion had stolen a few hundred dollars by forgery—he must pay the penalty that the law demands of him. He enters prison, an innocent and an ambitious young man, full of hopes, happy to have helped some unfortunate being with the money he had stolen, yet reluctant to pay such a penalty for it. He comes out embittered against society, a man whose ideas have been corrupted, whose ambitions and hopes have been shattered,



## The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



whose name goes down in the annals of crime as a criminal, marked and shunned by every one as a criminal, a man who had been behind prison bars, an ex-convict. At the end this young man commits suicide, the inevitable consequence of his prison term. The young man had done wrong and justice had said, "You must pay for it." Justice imprisoned him for a crime for which he was hardly to blame. Justice ruined his entire life after his prison term. Justice killed him. Was this really Justice?

Crime is a disease and criminals are the patients of this disease. We must make a diagnosis before we proceed with the medication. Before the alleged criminal comes before the bar of justice, he should be examined socially, mentally, and psychologically in a psychopathic laboratory, that his mental status may be fully determined. At least two-thirds of the inmates of our penal institutions are mentally defective. How is it humanly possible to punish a man when we are not sure that he is really to blame? Is society protected when we imprison a man for a criminal action, not knowing how much of his crime was due to inheritance, how much to an early environment, how much to other matters over which the offender has had no control? When a doctor in diagnosing the ailment of his patient, finds the patient to have a temperature of 102, he does not say to the sick one, "Now Mr. Jones, you must not have this high temperature. It is not right. Get rid of it immediately." He proceeds to cure Mr. Jones. He prescribes an appropriate medicine. The same thing holds true with the criminal. We must go about to cure him, to find out what causes his ailment, and to apply the proper cure.

Now how can prisons be made places that will cure? Let us not forget that the prisoner, the criminal, and the law-breaker are human beings like the rest of us. Many people think that a man who has committed an offense against society is sent to prison to be punished. No—this is not true. He is sent to prison to be corrected and not to be corrupted. When a man gets too much punishment, the result is bad. It makes him bitter and revengeful and society suffers in the long run. Revenge is a motive not only hateful in itself, but directly productive of hatred and wickedness. Much



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more would be accomplished if the prison years were made years of retribution and awakening. The aim of the prison should be to correct the man and make of him a useful citizen and an asset to his community.

If the real aim of our prisons is to deter further crime, the main concern of a prison system should be not about the past, but about the future. What is done can't be undone. True, we should banish the prisoner, and we should punish him by depriving him of his liberty. Someone may ask whether this is enough. Is it not enough—the dreary monotony of the daily life, the long hours of solitary confinement, the sense of utter helplessness, the impossibility of being heard? No wonder that many inmates become insane; no wonder that they have become handicapped, weakened in will-power and physical resistance, unable to meet the problems of life. Would it not be the part of wisdom to make the prisoner more interested in construction rather than destruction, to make him alter his inclinations towards doing wrong things, to teach him how to live an honest and clean life? In this way he himself will be deterred from crime and many other criminals will be influenced by this example.

Prisons must be educational institutions. Since prisoners cannot be forced into a change of purpose or even bribed, there is but one way left—to educate them. We must make of them good citizens and not good prisoners. First they must be educated not for the life inside, but for the life outside. Their ultimate release must be taken into consideration. By education I do not mean teaching the illiterates the A, B, C, or even allowing correspondence courses for the more advanced, excellent in some ways as all this may be. I mean training them for real life—the free life of an American community, allowing them to handle their own affairs and problems so that they may gain some experience and training of a different nature.

Labor is another means of education—labor of the proper sort. The worst form of labor education in our prisons is slave labor. When a man is placed at work without a consideration for his capacities or preferences, when a man is kept at work only by dread

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and punishment, when a man receives no pay or very inadequate pay, there can be no educational value. Forced labor in our prisons accomplishes nothing beyond stirring up a rebellious spirit. Prisoners can be clubbed into submission with occasional outbreaks, but they cannot be reformed by these powers. It was Samuel Johnson who said, "Severity is the way to govern men, but not the way to mend them." Work of vocational value should be the basis of labor in prison. The prisoner should be paid full wages for his production. A man, bond or free, is happy when he receives recognition for his hard work. In this way we can make the prison a self-paying institution, instead of a community where men are taught to contract a loathing for work.

Since a prison should be a moral hospital and an educational institution, the control of prisons should be in the hands of educators, sociologists, and psychologists. From the recent achievements of even a few men of this type—such as Lawes of Sing Sing, and Osborne and Olson, we can see the possibilities for model prisons in the future. Some day every prison will have a psychopathic laboratory wherein the prisoners may be classified, so that the administrative officers may deal with them intelligently. The insane, the epileptic, the feeble-minded, the sexually pervert criminal must be segregated and separated from the prisoners of normal mentality. Some day a criminal will be treated like a human being. Then he will not be a criminal for the rest of his life.

But even an intelligent plan of prison management and faithful officials to carry it out will do little good without an intelligent and steady public opinion to back them up. What about the ex-convict after he comes out of prison? He has paid in full measure his debt to society. His punishment has been meted out to him and he has served his term. Now he is supposed to be free again; but is he? Will society forgive and forget? Will society allow him to make a fresh start, or will it look upon him in contempt, and shun his presence? Imagine what a word of encouragement and good cheer means to a man who has suffered penalty behind the prison bars for a sin which he has committed perhaps in a hasty and thoughtless moment. Recently some employees of a lumber com-



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pany were loading lumber at the Wethersfield dock at a time when some prisoners of the state penitentiary were working there. One of these prisoners, noticing a past acquaintance among the lumber workers, called out, "Say, leave a good word for me. I'm coming out soon." Let us say this man comes out into the world eager to make a fresh start. Let us say he is given employment and becomes a useful citizen. In this way both society and ex-convict profit. On the other hand let us suppose he is refused work because of his past. Let us suppose that he is discouraged and scorned by society. Let us suppose that society turns a helping hand away from him. What will become of him then? John Galsworthy answered this question for us. What became of his ex-convict? He committed suicide.

Any ex-convict who must start anew with such a past behind him finds the task very difficult. It depends on you, the public, to make his life what it will be. You were anxious to imprison him for doing wrong. Now it is your duty to help him find his bearings once more, to help him in his endeavors to become again a worthy citizen of his community.

Only the great research workers in the field of crime can appreciate the impediments and immense difficulties which lie in the way. I do not take the authority to maintain that sympathetic treatment would help in many cases. There is that criminal who has become so hardened that kindness would be of no avail in appealing to his inner qualities. Some of the prison wardens who have tried to deal with the criminal in a trusting manner must have many a discouraged and disgusted hour when the criminal proves himself unworthy of trust. But you see that a great percentage of them who have adopted the policy of treating the men as much as possible like human beings continue with it because it pays on the whole. Progress would be slow in this field as any other. But in all fields we must have some ideal for which to strive; and so long as crime continues to exist, what could be a more noble ideal than trying to prevent a man who has sinned against society from sinning again?

*PAUL MITNICK.*



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## CLASS ESSAY

### CLOTHES—CONVENTIONAL OR INDIVIDUAL



ALMOST as common as the faces of pretty girls on the magazine covers are the advertisements in newspapers showing us "what the well-dressed man will wear." We see a very tall man with broad shoulders, who seems to have the air of an Englishman about him. He wears a well-cut and fitted English tweed suit and Arrow collar shirt, and a derby, carries a cane and of course wears a carnation in his button-hole. He is, we are told, "the last word" in the realm of fashion, and we are informed that any man who buys his clothes at Blank's can look like him also. We murmur, "Clothes make the man," and turn another page, only to find columns devoted to the latest fashions for women. Here, on this side, are some so-called cocktail jackets, made of elaborate, shiny sequins, which make one think of a fish, and are only fifty dollars! And then those little things that help to make *every* woman's ensemble complete, something that every well-dressed woman should have—a little dog, which by means of a zipper, lo and behold, becomes a pocketbook! No woman can afford to be without one of these and still expect to be considered stylish! And one doesn't have to travel to Palm Beach any more. One just has to buy one of those *darling* little, printed dresses which have the hot sands as a background, and are covered with dainty figures in bathing suits and big umbrellas!

Why should all this good space be devoted to a thing so ephemeral as clothes? I believe it is because clothes are one of the things which help to make a person individual. They help us to express our innermost thoughts, our good feeling to all about us. They are our visiting cards, our cards of admission, so to speak, therefore

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playing a more important part in the every-day life of the individual than is suspected. Everyone wants to be individual today, and one way in which this goal may be attained is through a person's dress, by having a person know his or her type and dressing accordingly.

The first thing that determines a well-dressed man is the choice of material and fit of his suit. A man who is really a careful dresser would see, first of all, that his suit was A-1 as far as fitting goes. One of the very important factors in male attire is the crease in his trousers. Women are very critical here, and woe unto the man whose trousers look as though they haven't been pressed for weeks. Probably the most vital point of all is the absolute necessity that a man's shirt, vest and lapels be absolutely spotless.

I do not know of any woman who does not want to be called well-dressed or fashionable. The well-dressed woman is never conspicuous and yet always suitably gowned wherever she may go. I do not mean that she must dress extravagantly; nor to be fashionable does she have to adopt every new fad which Dame Fashion decrees. She need not take as her model the society woman who declared that no woman could dress well on less than \$30,000 a year. I do mean, however, that one must know her type and just what colors and styles are becoming. The outer garments are sometimes thought of as meaningless coverings, but should really be considered a part of one's person. I think probably the greatest flaw in the way women dress today is their failure to regard the appropriateness of the occasion. Not infrequently one sees an office girl come in to business wearing an afternoon frock, or a pupil wearing a party dress.

Granted that people's dress should be suitable and fairly conventional, how may they express their personalities within these limits? Much of a man's personality is brought out in his choice of neckties, handkerchiefs and socks. The flashy personality wears the vivid reds and blues. The more or less conservative chooses the browns, paler blues, and tans; and of course there is the happy medium, a person always knows just what sort of a man pulls out a handkerchief with a bright purple border, or puts his foot up on a chair, only to display his red socks.



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The thing that should be regarded by women as all-important is that the colors of their ensemble be harmonious. If the dress is brown, then let the hat, shoes, stockings and hat be of blending hues, with only one contrasting color. Perfume that leaves a trail twenty yards long and jewelry that is flashy reveal a cheap personality. The less jewelry a woman wears the more simple and smart she looks. The clothes should always be made to fit the figure. If one is short, she should not wear fussy or frilly dresses, or if one is the "sporty" type, she should stick to sports clothes and not try to be what she is not. Incidentals are the one thing that can really make a costume look very chic—these little things which seem so little and yet are so important, as pretty kid gloves, dainty handkerchiefs, or smart bandannas.

Clothes *are* a lot of trouble—yet who would want to fall on H. G. Wells's suggestion and wear asbestos suits, which would last for a life-time, and make everyone look like everyone else? The self-satisfaction that one gets from knowing that he is dressed to suit the occasion, and *well* dressed at that is a reward in itself for the trouble it gives us. And if at the same time he can express his individuality, then he has a streak of genius.

LUCILLE DuBOFF.



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# CLASS SONG

*Words by Sidney M. Goldstein*

*Music by Arthur L. DuBrow*

To- night come full of pride, ing heart- praise of you. For  
we here Sing- felt  
here we've our stead-y stride a pur- pose staunch true; And  
gained Toward and  
ev- er in our heart's em- brace, our term at school is' through,  
Though  
Wea- ver High you'll have a place Past our bid- ding you fond a-  
Chorus  
dieu. Now we're going to leave you Wea- ver High, But our  
loy- al- ty will be the same; Af- ter your fine teach- ing  
we will go to make our suc- cess and fame. But  
we have done, our know- ledge won, We must bid you good-  
bye.

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## CLASS HISTORY

When we first came to Weaver High,  
Poor little scrawny Freshmen scorned,  
We worshipped Seniors passing by.

And then we scorned and criticised  
As Sophomores, Seniors dignified.  
“Mere older boys and girls!” we cried.

As Juniors of a knowing age  
We yearned most long and longingly  
To mingle with the Seniors sage.

From friends and friendships four years old  
Departing sadly are we now.  
To face the world; to be so bold.

The present festive happening  
Recalls with sadness or with glee  
Many a happy gathering.

*The Lookout* that we hold so dear,  
To find out all the Weaver news,  
First started in our Freshman year.

Like a dying swan it died and died,  
But when subscriptions were increased,  
It quickly was revived.

Each Wednesday when *The Lookout's* out,  
And on our home room table lies,  
To grab it, there's a lively bout.

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The Girls' League gave a fashion show  
When we were lowly Sophomores.  
It was not all for fashion. No!

For there all Weaver was portrayed  
In tiny skits of classroom life  
And all the subjects we essayed.

The same year "Seventeen" appeared,  
Which lasted to the midnight hour,  
That it would never end, we feared.

The time for "Sophs" to be in bed  
At nine or maybe ten o'clock  
Had long since passed, the Seniors said.

But we had passed into the land  
Of dreams, and of vacations dreamt  
Nor at the closing did we stand.

Through Lola Pratt's flirtations bold  
We snoozed and snored in perfect ease  
At length we 'scaped into the cold.

The Junior year was lots of fun,  
For then we could stay up till twelve  
*The Lookout* dance was then begun.

The girls and boys in festive dress  
Cavorted 'round the Weaver gym,  
Their joys, no words can well express.

Another dance that hit the spot  
Was given by our own Boys' Club;  
But some could dance, and some could not.

These dances yearly now take place,  
Looked forward to by everyone.  
For tickets there's a frantic race.

A dozen of our cleverest,  
As ushers to the parting class,  
Were chosen from amongst the best.



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All fitted out in swell array  
With flashing ties and shined-up shoes,  
Before the class they led the way.

“Dick” Halliburton came to town,  
To speak of romance glorious.  
And here, we say, he earned renown.

Our bulletins displayed his charms  
His handsome picture graced our hall.  
We welcomed him with open arms.

The lecturer had an audience,  
Composed of Weaver demoiselles,  
His drollness was their recompense.

Another gentleman of fame  
Addressed the sage girls of our league,  
And all of those who also came.

’Twas “Steve” Leacock, hum’rist of note,  
His lecture was enjoyed by all,  
As well as everything he wrote.

Their suppers on all Hallow’s eve,  
Which gave us all an eerie fright,  
Were great affairs you may believe.

The “Strongest Man” we now recall,  
A play it was of Frenchmen strong,  
Of better love and gossip small.

“Oh Gabriel, I want to die,”  
Moaned sad Celeste, our Janet Smith,  
As tears rolled slowly from her eye.

Two magic men one day arrived,  
And made us bric-a-brac of glass.  
One magic man a crime connived.

He called on “Tubby” Levitow,  
Two hundred pounds of solid boy,  
Who sauntered sunny, sloppy, slow.

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Up to the platform where he seized  
A duck, then blew, and showered was.  
Our "Tubby" dripped, and coughed, and sneezed.

The duck was filled with H<sup>2</sup>O,  
Its narrow neck contained a hole,  
And then when Leon blew it, O!

In athletics we surpassed  
Bulkeley and Hartford High schools both  
And earned high honors in the past.

Superior in basketball  
Our teams stood in the highest class  
And ever forced their foes to fall.

Back to proud Weaver High we brought  
A prize deserved and gained for her,  
The city title keenly sought.

The great team to New Haven went,  
As you all know, without a doubt,  
Competed in a tournament.

But though their energy was bent  
To bring their dear old high school fame,  
Their sad fate we must here lament.

A team accustomed to the place  
They drew as first opponents there  
And soon they were not in the race.

Our baseball team attained great fame  
In representing Weaver High  
And served to heighten our great name.

In football meritorious  
Our team brought Weaver less renown,  
And made a show less glorious.

Another game, not seen by all  
Though none the less enjoyable  
Was ancient honorable handball.

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Here Mitnick towered over all,  
And stood out like a genius bold,  
Because, you see he owned the ball.

A club that ranks among the best,  
And serves as inspiration,  
The Boys' Club now has passed its test.

Through lean years has it gone its way,  
Has undergone its trouble and strife,  
But gained its peak with "29A."

A band this club did organize,  
This wondrous club of Weaver boys,  
Which entertained both fools and wise.

At many a Weaver football game,  
By music of the very best,  
They helped to make applause less tame.

The brilliant members of our class  
Enjoyed the fruits of their high marks  
By an event which came to pass.

We formed the Weaver Honor club  
Which is a great society.  
All dumber students it does snub.

We humble members comprehend,  
If we may boldly say so now,  
That constitutions have no end.

We wish to warn the president,  
A wicked mischief-maker he,  
Of all his crimes he'd best repent.

For often by the faculty,  
He's been warned that his ways in class  
Did not fit his ability.

He sure has changed since Freshman year  
When he did homework every night,  
And why not now, O David dear?



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Last came a most momentous thing,  
And one as noisy as can be,  
To help us in our final fling.

Our class elections, fateful day,  
'Twas said two ambulances were  
Needed to cart the dead away.

Voting was swift and vigorous,  
We hesitantly now admit,  
And feeling was not amorous.

But graduation soon erased  
The enmities we formed, and then,  
Friends again, we all embraced.

And now from you our audience,  
We beg excuse for this bad verse,  
And here declare our penitence.

For hours and hours we tore our hair,  
And racked our brains for rhyming words,  
To lay our simple pasts quite bare.

Till finally, for the first time,  
We wrote, for better or for worse,  
The only history in rhyme.

*HYMAN BRONSTEIN,*

*RACHEL CASSIFF.*

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## CLASS PROPHECY

Speech by chairman:

*David Leader*—"Ladeez and gentlemen, we are about to present to you the world's premier showing of 'The Minstrels of 1940.' This company has as its chief attraction the two famous end-men—Miss Janet Smith and Mr. Samuel Goldstien."

*(Prophets enter, one from each side of stage, carrying suitcases.)*

*Chairman introduces them to audience.)*

*Janet*—"We are about to present to you, with your kind indulgence, a minstrel in a new and entirely different fashion. It has been noticed that very little is known of the former members of the Class of 1929A. We will, therefore, with the help of the others of the cast, endeavor to throw a little light on the subject."

*Manny*—"We would also like to inform you, that even though there will be musical instruments used in this act, whether they make a noise or not, said noise will not be music. The others in the company have expressed a desire to take part in this presentation. We will allow them to do so, if they will, in exchange, do something to help entertain you. In these suitcases we have a number of musical instruments for those who wish to take advantage of our offer."

*(Both open suitcases. Talking to assembled cast.)* "Anyone who wishes to play a few selections in exchange for the right to ask questions about former classmates? Don't be bashful! Step right up!"

*(Janet, pointing to various ones on the stage.)* "Come on you—you—you—you—you—you—you—you! *(Giving instruments to those selected.)* Any questions? *(Dave Leader raises hand and starts to ask question, but is interrupted by Janet.)* Oh, but you forget. You have to entertain us first."

*David*—"Anything special you want to hear?"

*Manny*—"Oh, no! Just as long as you play something, it will be all right." *(David pantomimes playing a stirring march and then asks—*"Could you tell me whatever happened to Leon Levitow?"

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*Manny*—"Oh surely! I remember seeing Tubby in a glass-blowing act about a week ago, with Paul Mitnick as the talker of the act. Both are quite a success in their respective lines, having had plenty of practice at Weaver."

*Janet*—"Speaking of talkers: Nora Gotkis is now a Socialist speaker and harangues crowds daily in front of the Lenox."

*David*—"I hear that Thomas Walsh is in a circus now. Is that true?"

*Manny*—"Why yes! A short while ago I went down to Terryville to see him. He is in the famous one and one-half ring circus in America. It is owned by Fletcher Freligh. Several others from our class are in the same circus. Morris Alexander is traveling with the show as the emotionless man."

*Janet*—"He always was a quiet fellow."

*Manny*—"Yes, he was. Phil Sack is also with the circus as the tattooed man, but when I saw him, he was substituting for the bearded lady, Tillie Cohn, who was ill. Can you feature that?"

*Janet*—"Dorothy Levine, the dare-devil acrobat, is with that company, isn't she?"

*Manny*—"Yes, and Lillian Kulick is the snake-charmer. 1929A was rather well represented. They had a chariot race, but it wasn't much good."

*Janet*—"I saw a peach of a race the other day. The horses were thundering down the last stretch with Nat Lieberman and Doug Salmon leading. The final barrier was about to be reached. Nat, seeing hope of success, stuck out his tongue and won by a lap."

*Lucille DuBoff*—"That must have been thrilling, but what has become of our noted athletes?"

*Manny*—"Here! You can't ask a question without playing first."

*Lucille* (*petulantly*) — "Oh, very well!" (*She pantomimes the playing a sweet melody.*)

*Manny*—"That's fine. Now I'll answer your question. Meyer Sklar has continued in baseball, and is the manager of a team in the Triple A league of East Africa. I always thought Meyer would stick to baseball. He's turning out some very good teams. Art DuBrow is coach of the Ping Pong team at Vassar, and I am told that it has become a very popular game up there since he took charge of it."

*Lucille*—"But what about Milt Schlossberg? We voted, I remember, that he was our best athlete."

*Manny*—"Oh, Milt! He's making a big success in national



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athletics. Last year he won the marble championship of New Britain. Any more inquiries from the rest of you?"

*Rachel Cassiff*—"I'll play something for you, if you'll answer my question."

*Janet*—"All right. Go ahead and play." (*Rachel plays, then asks*)—"May I ask my question now?"

*Janet*—"Yes. What is it?"

*Rachel*—"What is Jennie Adelman doing now?"

*Janet*—"I met her the other day on the street. She told me she was private secretary to Morris Yousman, who made millions selling toothpicks from house to house."

*Manny*—"Say, before I forget it. Another classmate of ours, Malcolm Knox, is behind the bars."

*Janet*—"What's he in jail for?"

*Manny*—"Oh, he's not in jail. He's selling soap in Fox's."

*Rachel*—"Didn't Sind, the contractor, build that new skyscraper of three and one-half stories across from Fox's?"

*Janet*—"Yes, I believe he did. Some other old friends have established shops there. Bernie Shulman's Millinery Shop is very popular."

*Manny*—"I always expected Bernie to go in for something like that."

*Janet*—"Abe Garber has opened a beauty parlor on the second floor. He is getting the patronage of the smart set. Lu DuBoff, on the same floor, has a lovely Modiste Shoppe."

*Manny*—"She always did wear nice clothes. I believe it is the custom to have models in these fashionable shoppes. Has she any?"

*Janet*—"Oh, certainly! She has three: Eva Solloway, Sophie Kenig, and Florence Moffitt, who are attracting crowds daily."

*Manny*—"I saw 'Steve' Adams sweeping out the place the other day. What is he in there anyhow?"

*Janet*—"He's the janitor, and Paul Johnson, his old side-kick, is elevator boy there."

*Manny*—"Paul sure is having his ups and downs, isn't he? How about you Tub? Haven't you a question?"

*Tub*—"Sure, but you don't think I'm going to play this thing. do you?"

*Manny*—"Certainly. The others have done it, don't be bashful." (*Pulls Tub to front of stage. After some hesitation, Tub gives in, plays his piece and asks*)—"I merely wanted to ask if you saw Sam Beleskie and Morton Levine in Europe last summer? The last I heard they were over there."

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*Manny*—"Come to think of it, I did. I saw Sam Beleskie in Spain. He is now a toreador and just won a prize for throwing the bull."

*Janet*—"Still up to his old tricks, I see."

*Manny*—"And as for Morton Levine, he is now a famous screen idol in London, familiarly called 'Kongo.' When I saw him he had guards at his hotel doors to keep the women away."

*Janet*—"I saw his last picture in which Eunice Montei played opposite him. The love scenes were very thrilling. There was some good vaudeville on the same bill. I especially enjoyed the dancing of Rose Vallera."

*Manny*—"I haven't seen her in ages. I never knew she was a dancer."

*Janet*—"Well, she is. Itria Lombardo was on the same program. She sang a few delightful numbers. There was a cute specialty number, too. It was given by the 'Three-must-get-togethers,' Frances Hershkowitz, Sylvia Gladstein, and Rose Meister."

*Manny*—"Those three seem to stick together pretty well."

*Tub*—"How about another question? I worked for it."

*Manny*—"Sure, sure! Go right ahead, we won't stop you."

*Tub*—"Well, what happened to Joe Kaufman. I think he's in Europe. Didn't you see him?"

*Manny*—"Our old friend Joe! I saw him in Paris. He told me he just won a prize of \$44,000.25 for a painting. The 25 cents was for pin money. See the point?"

*Janet*—"What was his painting called?"

*Manny*—"I believe it was 'Boy Holding Nutcracker.' Critics call it the greatest painting of the year. Something new and entirely different."

*Janet*—"How about Hyman here? He hasn't inquired for anyone yet. How about it 'Hy'? Can you give us a tune?"

*Hyman Bronstein*—"I thought I might get out of it, but since you ask me, I will. (*He plays, then asks*) Have you heard anything of Bennie Goldenberg?"

*Manny (laughing)*—"Well, I guess I can tell you about him. I had occasion to meet him rather intimately the other day. I got a ticket for speeding, and when I came into court who should I see sitting on the bench but old Judge Goldenberg. While I was there I saw some others that I knew. The case of Abe Goldberg, accused of stealing a two-cent bun, was argued before the Judge by his attorney, Nathan Glider, who proved that his client had bought the



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bun and was merely saving for future reference. The prosecuting attorney was rather down-hearted, but soon recovered."

Janet—"Who was the prosecuting attorney?"

Manny—"Our old friend, Reuben Peiss. And little Red Cassiff was the journalist who covered the case for *The Hartford Times*."

Hyman—"Did either of you go to the musicale in the Broad Street auditorium last Wednesday? Several of our classmates were in it. Remember Iz Berson? He played the French horn, Margaret Smith played the violin, and Joe Rosenthal the cornet."

Janet—"I was wondering what became of those three. They were our only three musicians. I had lost track of them. Thanks for the information, 'Hy.' I would have enjoyed the musicale, but I have not been in the Broad Street auditorium since I went to hear a lecture given by Rose Bicov, urging support of a mission in Abadada-woo, India, which she established."

Manny—"Do you mean to say she established a mission, all by herself, in the wilds of India?"

Janet—"Oh, no! Not alone. She took over three assistants, Laura Brueggestrat, Florence Altshuler, and Anna Kleiman."

Manny—"Oh, yes. That was the mission to which Carl Poch, famous window-washer, donated two dollars and a box of wooden cookies."

Janet—"Why, the little spendthrift, letting money slip through his fingers that way."

Paul Mitnick—"I've got an important question. Let me get this ordeal over with."

Manny—"Go ahead."

(Paul labors through an agonizing silence and then asks question)—"I want to know about Sid Goldstein."

Manny—"I thought you said important, but I can inform you about him. He just inherited the A. & P. stores. After many years of hard labor his merit was realized and they gave the stores to him. Thankful for his good fortune, he sent a \$20,000 check to Al Spalter, who is manager of the Middletown Insane Asylum. The check was for the bettering of the minds of the inmates. Al has as his assistant, Evelyn Kilray, the athletic trained nurse, who helps quiet the violent imbeciles."

Paul—"There are a couple more fellows I would like to know about. Let's see—Gib Williams, Sam Sohn, and Bob Peterson. Have you heard of them?"

Janet—"A little. The last I heard of Gib he was a novelist, writing a delightful book, "Women Ought to Prefer Blondes."



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*Manny*—"Gibby a novelist! Why that is the last thing I thought he would become."

*Janet*—"And Bob Peterson is digging ditches with Lu Adams on the state highways. Lu says he wishes Bob would stop throwing things up to him. Now are you satisfied, Paul?"

*Manny*—"But you have forgotten Sam Sohn?"

*Janet*—"That's right! Sam has sunk into disrepute. He failed in the blindfold test for Old Golds. Poor fellow."

*Hyman*—"Aren't any of our class members in society?"

*Manny*—"Quite a few. Millicent Leader, as a reporter for the *Unionville Bugle*, just covered the debut of Marion Campbell and Genevieve Clarkin into 'Washington society. There was quite a big write-up about it in the paper."

*Janet*—"I noticed especially in the report that the gowns made for the debutantes by Alice Johnson, famous designer, were the hit of the season."

*Manny*—"I saw one of the girls, before she went down to Washington, in the tea-room run by Ailene Darling and Martina Lynch. While I was in there, I also saw Doris Visco, former chorus girl, who has just married the millionaire coal king."

*Janet*—"They all seem to have been rather successful. Did you see that picture by Freda Walker, the commercial artist, on the billboards? It is called 'The Baby and the Pistol.' It advertises 'Pep', or some other breakfast food."

*Manny*—"I saw it. It won a prize, a set of Harold Bell Wright's books, which was donated by Maurice Wolotsky, the famous connoisseur."

*Janet*—"Maurice? I saw him at Parsons last week. The drama in which Sid Barrymore, the former Sid Burness, and Frances Gladstein as leading lady, and Hy Bronstein as stellar comedian, furnishing the comedy, made a big hit. The name of the play was 'Why Women Leave Home and Then Come Back Again'."

*Manny*—"Well, has anyone got any more questions? (No response.) No? If that's the case, we will end by giving a long locomotive for Weaver. (With Janet and Manny leading all silently go through motions and facial expressions of violent cheering.)

JANET SMITH,

MANUEL GOLDSTIEN.





# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



<i>Girls</i>	OUR ROGUES' GALLERY	<i>Boys</i>
Janet Smith	<i>Most Popular</i>	David Leader
Janet Smith	<i>Busiest</i>	Reuben Peiss
Rachel Cassiff	<i>Wittiest</i>	Hyman Bronstein
Mildred Beizer	<i>Best Looking</i>	Manuel Goldstien
Margaret Smith	<i>Hardest Worker</i>	Reuben Peiss
Doris Visco	<i>Best Dresser</i>	Maurice Wolotsky
Sophie Kenig	<i>Neatest</i>	Everett Adams
Janet Smith	<i>Best Dancer</i>	Paul Johnson
Nora Gotkis	<i>Noisest</i>	Alexander Spalter
Margaret Smith	<i>Quietest</i>	Abraham Goldberg
Florence Moffitt	<i>Most Bashful</i>	Victor Harris
Evelyn Kilray	<i>Best Athlete</i>	Milton Schlossberg
Dorothy Levine	<i>Thriftiest</i>	Nathan Lieberman
Laura Brueggestrat	<i>Laziest</i>	Isador Berson
Nora Gotkis	<i>Most Talkative</i>	Paul Mitnick
Eunice Montei	<i>Best Sport</i>	Samuel Sohn
Frances Gladstein	<i>Best Excuse Maker</i>	Coleman Tulin
Margaret Smith	<i>Most Dignified</i>	Malcolm Knox
Blanche Podnetsky	<i>Peppiest</i>	Samuel Beleskij
Janet Smith	<i>Cutest</i>	Luther Adams
Sophie Kenig	<i>Daintiest</i>	Everett Adams
Millicent Leader	<i>Most Cheerful</i>	Arthur DuBrow
Lucille DuBoff	<i>Biggest Bluffer</i>	Manuel Goldstien
Margaret Smith	<i>Most Capable</i>	Reuben Peiss
Millicent Leader	<i>Most Courteous</i>	David Leader
Margaret Smith	<i>Most Angelic</i>	Morton Levine
Doris Visco	<i>Most Charming</i>	Luther Adams
Matilda Cohen	<i>Most Eloquent</i>	Paul Mitnick
Evelyn Kilray	<i>Most Loyal</i>	Thomas Walsh
Janet Smith	<i>Best All-around</i>	David Leader
Lillian Kulick	<i>Worst Drag with Faculty</i>	Philip Sack
Janet Smith	<i>Best Drag with Faculty</i>	Reuben Peiss
Janet Smith	<i>Done Most for W. H. S.</i>	David Leader
Margaret Smith	<i>Most Serious</i>	Benjamin Goldenberg
Matilda Cohen	<i>Most Sophisticated</i>	Sidney Burness
Nora Gotkis	<i>Most Pessimistic</i>	George Sherman
Lillian Kulick	<i>Most Optimistic</i>	Carl Poch
Lillian Kulick	<i>Most Original</i>	Jonas Kaufman
Blanche Podnetsky	<i>Best Joker</i>	Jonas Kaufman
Eunice Montei	<i>Most Flirtatious</i>	Leon Levitow
Margaret Smith	<i>Cleverest</i>	Victor Harris



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## “MACBATH” A TRAGEDY OF PASSION

*As performed for the first and last time on February 30, 1927,  
in the Weaver Cafeteria.*

### CAST

Duncan, editor of the *Class Book*, 1929A.....Reuben Peiss  
Chillblains, his infant son.....“Sid” Burness  
Bunko, associate editor of the *Class Book*.....“Ben” Goldenberg  
Macbath, ditto.....“Sid” Goldstein  
Mrs. Macbath.....“Red” Cassiff  
First Witch.....“Congo” Levine  
Second Witch.....Manuel Goldstien  
Third Witch.....“Tub” Levitow  
MacBluff.....“Jo” Kaufman  
A loud shriek rending the midnight air.....Martina Lynch  
And 2500 other Principals.....“Art” DuBrow

### ACT I

*Scene I—A heath in Keney Park.*

*A dimly-lighted stage is disclosed. The three witches, dressed in red dresses are seen dancing the Virginia Reel around a fire. Macbath and Bunko enter, arguing over their Virgil translation.*

*Bunko (loudly)—“Ne equite credite.”*

*Macbath (protesting)—“That’s wrong.”*

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



*Bunko (seeing witches)*—"Look, Mac! Who are those hags?"  
(*There is a titter from the audience. "Tub's" dress is slipping off.*)

*Macbath (eagerly)*—"Let's get a date with 'em anyway. Wad-deya say?"

*Bunko*—"They look fierce to me. Let's get out o' here, Mac. I've been hearing of too many hatchet murders lately."

*First Witch (in a solemn voice)*—"Hail, Macbath! Associate editor of the Class Book! Hail!"

*Second Witch*—"Shut up! Let me talk."

*Third Witch*—"Hail, Macbath! (*He raises his voice dramatically*) Editor of the Class Book!"

*Second Witch*—"Bah! You spoiled my act."

*Macbath (aside)*—"Editor of the Class Book? (*Tears his hair.*) No, it can't be!" (*Witches disappear—with great difficulty.*)

*Bunko (amazed)*—"Mac, they've disappeared!"

*Macbath (dazed)*—"Come on, let's get out o' here."

*Bunko*—"You bet your life. I think I drank too much Coca Cola last night. Now, as I was saying, 'ne equite credite' means; do not believe in the ponies."

*Macbath (interrupting)*—"Editor of the Class Book? edit."  
(*Exeunt.*)

(Students attack egg-sandwiches viciously during interval.)

## ACT II

### Scene I—Macbath's Home.

*Macbath enters hurriedly, sees Mrs. Macbath washing the dishes and stretches out his arms. They embrace fondly (I warned you this is a tragedy of passion). Mrs. Macbath is a fiery individual with an "iron energy of purpose." A message has come from Duncan, stating that he will honor the household by boarding overnight.*

*Mrs. Macbath*—"You see, Mac, now you have the chance of a lifetime. Think of it—editor of the Class Book! Why, after

## The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



getting rid of Duncce, you only have to kill the rest of the Board. While he's asleep, get a sashweight and the rest is easy." (*Bernard Schulman, in the audience, faints from horror.*)

*Macbath*—"Why not use my new patented hydrogen sulphide pills?"

*Mrs. Macbath*—"No, the sashweight has been a success before; it will be a success once more."

(*Duncan enters hurriedly, pushing a baby carriage in which is little Chillblains. The editor has a long, curly beard.*)

*Duncan* (*graciously*) — "Bonjour, old top. (*He yawns.*) Where do I hit the hay, Mac?"

*Macbath* (*pointing to right*)—"Right there, Duncce."

(*Students attack hot-dogs daringly during intermission.*)

### Scene II.

(*The stage is now pitch dark. Macbath and Mrs. Macbath enter and put on the lights, revealing the same scene as above. They speak in low, subdued tones.*)

*Mrs. Macbath*—"Have you got the sashweight?"

*Macbath*—"Yes."

*Mrs. Macbath* (*in a tense tone*)—"Now don't forget—'Dead men tell no tales'."

*Macbath*—"Yes, darling (*she exits*). Is this a sashweight which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Goodzooks, what shall I do? Alackaday, I must kill him, or she'll kill me." (*Strides to right.*)

\* \* \*

(*A few minutes pass. The audience is in suspense. George Sherman has fainted from the excitement. Suddenly, Macbath is seen, backing out of the doorway on the right. He holds the sashweight, which is dripping with ketchup. Margaret Smith faints from horror at the sight of the blood.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Macbath.*)

*Mrs. Macbath*—"Did you kill him?"

*Macbath*—"I banged him and Chillblains over the head until I was weak." (*Nora Gotkis faints on hearing of the infanticides.*)



## The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



Mrs. Macbath—"Good!"

*(The door on the right creaks. The two start from fear. Duncan enters slowly, dressed in a red flannel nightgown. He stretches his arms out sideways and yawns.)*

Duncan—"What the devil time is it?" *(Mitnick faints on hearing this profanity.)*

*(A loud yell is heard from within the right-hand chamber. It is Chillblains.)*

Chillblains—"O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-O-W! ! ? ? \*\*"

Duncan *(going in)*—"Wassamata?"

Chillblains—"My head aches fearfully, father."

Duncan—"So does mine, my child. Just a minute, and I will get the Aspirin." *(Matilda Cohen faints on hearing this anachronism.)*

Macbath and Mrs. Macbath look at each other for a moment, and then fall into a dead faint.

*The audience by this time has entirely fainted with the exception of Bronstein.*

"Shrimp" looks about him, yawns disgustedly, and then faints from ennui.

*(Seeing that the whole audience has fainted for various reasons, the play is discontinued, depriving MacBluff and the 2500 other principals of the cast of entering upon the stage. The loud shriek, however, rends the midnight air. The audience awakes; all yawn, stretch their arms, and walk off, munching the remains of their sandwiches.)*

AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL !



JONAS KAUFMAN

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## THOUGHTS WHILE STROLLING

J.A. Kaufman

### WEAVER DAY BY DAY

“Jo” Kaufman wearing a plain, striped cravat. Wonder why he doesn’t wear those billboard ties any more? One of them must have blistered his face. “Gib” Williams, a Weaverite who made good in Bloomfield.—A Freshman trying to look thoughtful under a load of six books.—“Tub” Levitow steam-rolling down the aisle, flanked by two of the weaker sex on either side.—Carl Poch, a Cleveland boy who made good arguing at Weaver—Janet Smith’s feline walk.—A sad-faced Sophomore drinking high-ball (Miller’s chocolate) with a yard-long straw.—“Dave” Leader trying to convince his classmates that the rings are all right, worth \$5.70 any day in the week, and that the Ring Committee didn’t work on commission.—“Manny” Goldstien, a Springfield boy who made good at Weaver.—Football players still exercising a two-month-old limp.—Freshmen who blush when reprimanded for whispering.—Weaver belles making their “matutinal repairs.”

\* \* \*

A Freshman walked into a Latin 8 class on the first day of school and, coolly sauntering up to the teacher, observed to him and the assembled class, “You’re all in the wrong room; I’m supposed to have English here now.” “Morey” Alexander was appointed a committee of one to exterminate him.

\* \* \*

A rising wit stopped in Room 227 about 4 o’clock one afternoon to get his books after a club meeting. On passing by the window, he was struck by the antics of the football men out on the field and halted to watch them for a moment, when, suddenly turning around, he found himself confronted by some of the custodians of the building, “What are you doing here?” thundered one official.

“Going out,” said the wit, and kept going.



## The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



# DAIRY FROM A WIFE

*Mondeh*—Wuk opp wit spleetink hadake. De monnink hefter de night bifurr. Heh, heh, dunt esk! Broshed tit. Late to skul. Titcher gave me cipher. Med et Titcher! Ricited wonce houta tree times. Betting heverage tree-toity-tree. (.333). Keeked houta hull. Hed screemage agenst scrobs. Halmust bruk a lag. Got home wot de hold man bawled me hout. Naxt time I should living by de car ges. Wushed hotomobil for ponishmant. Stodied Hassays end fall aslip.

*Tootsdeh*—Wuk opp quodder to hate. Noo racord! Wushed in beck from de hears. Halso noo racord. Came oily to skul. Woiced oppinions wit odder hetlits about naxt wik's game. Dey vas hull wat. Mossed opp trenslation from "Hurayshus by de Britch." Found slice agg in agg sendivitch. Hulso noo racord. Hed hogumant wit a beeg bully. He culled me a beeg bom wot I sad, "Iss dis a fect?" Wot he sad, "Yas", wot I sad, "Heh, heh, so wot hof it?" Wot he deedn't hev any combeck. So I won de hogumant.

*Wanzdeh*—Intanded to play hooky bot changed mine mind. I min my modder changed it. Heh, heh! Mate goot site trenslation on de stury, "Pesher from Hiselen." Sotch bloffink, you should hoid it. Fall aslip in Engleesh cless. Titcher inseested wot I shouldn't snuring to lout, so it wouldn't wake opp de rast from de slippers. Trew erazer et Tob. Meesed. Hulso noo racord. Staid hefter skul trickwoddors from a hour to hoblige titcher. Rad de "Lookhout" bihind de pust. Hold man bawled me hout I

## The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



shouldn't wearink hees noo shoits. I talls heem wot I bruk it in for heem, wot he saz, "Naxt time I'll brakink dem in minesalf odder I'll brake by you de knack."

*Toisdeh*—Wuk opp by de alam clog wot it reengs so lout I tought wot de Breetish was coming. Hed interview with preenci-pal. Tink wot I'll toin hover a noo liff. Triet to gat seek pess. Failed. Engleesh titcher inseests wot a pine cuffin is es goot es a guld cuffin. Saz wot eff we dunt like it we cen soo heem. Iss dees a seestem? Wrote tim antitled "Iss Amarica Assandink Down-warts?" Tink wot I'll bicom a creetic. A seenical won yat. Fall aslip trenslatink Hovid's "Manny-more-posies."

*Frydeh*—Hed brakfest wit feesh. Speelt bottle nitreek hecid hall hover minesalf. Look like Chinaman wot nids a goot scrib-bink. Titcher is poitoibed wot I wasted so motch hecid hon not-tink. Triet to gat a seek pess. Noisse hesked me eef I hed yallow fiver. I sad no, wot she tuld me I should batter wush mine faze wonce een a wile. Want bullink opp de Mugin Helleys. Peen boy put on de peens gom, wot dey shouldn't hull full don. Bulled a hondred with seexy fife. In too streengs. Wulked home wit de geng sinkink "Swit Hedaline."

*Shobus*—Wuk upp ilavan hoclock end want to woik. Hoder-ed from a salesmen de class ties wot I should making by dam won hondrad with feefty poicant clir prufit. Beezness was so bom wot de buss hed to pay me hoff in ties. Want to a potty wot we hed hepples, withhorengiz with binenaz wit—oi, I got wik in de kniz. Furgot mine key wot I hed to clime in troo de weendow. Hold man cutt me wot he socked me in de had with a wushbud. I tuld heem I was troo and could gat a room.

*Sondeh*—Wuk opp twalve hoclock, rad de fonny papers, end fall aslip agen. Ho, hum! Sotch iss diss stranuous life. Smuked a Hold Guld wot I halmust chuked to dat. Symonhized de hautu. Dicated to stody. Got talephun cull. Dicated not to stody. Want to de Lanox. Heppluded in de rung plaze wot de cop triet to keek me hout. Tuld cop I got keeked houta batter teeayters by batter cops, wot he hombly bagged mine podon. Was so hegitated wot I wulked houta de teeayter from mine hown heccurd. Tink wot I'll bicom a huficer from de law.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



## DIARY OF A MODERN PEPYS



WOKE betimes, disturbed by ye obstreperous din of my milkman's carriage. Ate three yeast cakes for breakfast, and felt much freshened. Ye goode dame Henrietta, more angry than her wont, requested I gain a little intellecte. So decided to visit Weaver High School, which my buxom spouse deems the seat of wisdom.

Set out through Keney Park. Astonished of a surety by ye quite evident haste of the scholars after learning. So bright their faces! So well-scrubbed their ears! Their blooming features, in truth, radiated a pleasing search for wisdom.

Amazed and horrified at the dress and conduct of ye maidens. Recalled the days gone-by with great regret as I observed ye Physiognomies—painted, gadzooks, like those of ye savage Indians.

Mistook ye High School, at first, for a prison. Informed of my error, but horrified to hear a rotund youth state with emphasis that it really is a prison. What his meaning, prithee tell?

Entered an English classroom. Shocked out of my senses to see one lad sleeping peacefully and another doing his Latin homework, while making a pretense of looking into his English book. Charmed, however, by ye subject under discussion, "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

Knocked down and trampled on by a herd of elephants. Discovered it was the students "walking" to their luncheon. Amazed at their speed, and recommended them to ye Olympic Games Association.

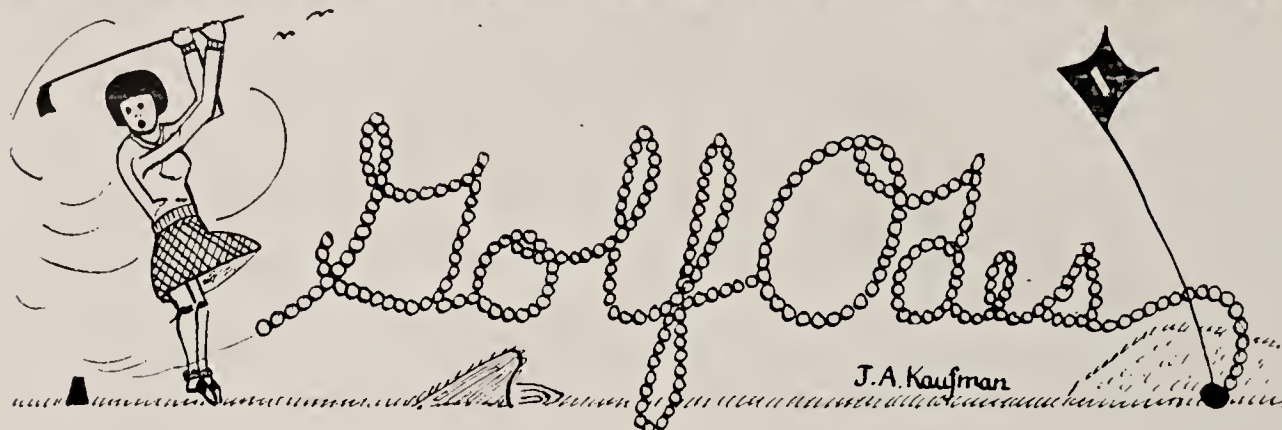
Entered Room 227, somewhat later. Delighted with the calm and silence in the room. The teacher officiating was attempting to discover at least one boy whispering. It is my honor to chronicle that not one was discovered moving his lips. Truly wonderful lads!

Later, went to ye massive auditorium. Witnessed a tremendous spectacle of glass-blowing on the part of some students. How varied are the accomplishments of these scholars!

Thus endeth my first (and last) visit to Weaver High School. Needs must admit that I was at a loss to understand and some of ye expressions used. What meaneth "dirty bum" and "je vous frappez sur le nez?" Demanded of Henrietta their definitions, but ye goode dame replied, "Ye Weaver students, Samuel, are distinguished, learned scholars, and their learning must not be questioned. So be silent." For safety's sake I was, and so to bed.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School



Store dynamite  
'Neath Sidney G.  
On every hole  
He subtracts three.

Oh, plunge a knife  
In little "Tub"  
He plays the nine  
With one old club.

Hurl liquid air  
At old Carl Poch.  
He laughs when your  
Ball hits a rock.

Oh mop the deck  
With Benny Sind.  
He hits a tree  
And blames the wind.

Pour molten lead  
On Philip Sack.  
He shuts his eyes  
And takes a whack.

Pour vinegar  
Down Victor's throat.  
For water-holes  
He has a boat.

The ducking stool  
For "Art" DuBrow.  
He tells the "pro"  
The right way how.

Oh heap hot coals  
On M. Levine.  
You get a ten,  
He says, "That's fine."

## SHAKESPEARIANA

*Hamlet*—B. Schulman

*Much Ado about Nothing*—227 at 1.59 p. m.

*Timon of Athens*—"Shrimp" Bronstein

*As You Like It*—The Class Book

*Comedy of Errors*—Weaver Baseball Team

*The Tempest*—Nora Gotkis

*Romeo and Juliet*—R. Peterson and Doris Visco

*Midsummer Night's Dream*—4 A's

*Othello*—"Val" Clementino

*Antony and Cleopatra*—T. Walsh and E. Montei

*Two Gentlemen of Verona*—L. Adams and R. Peterson

*All's Well That Ends Well*—Graduation

# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School

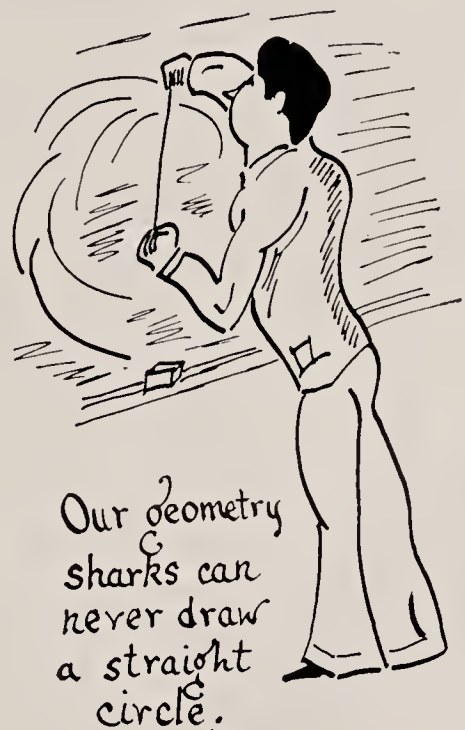


J. A. Kaufman

What Weaver would like to do to H.P.H.S.  
and ~ What H.P.H.S. does to Weaver.



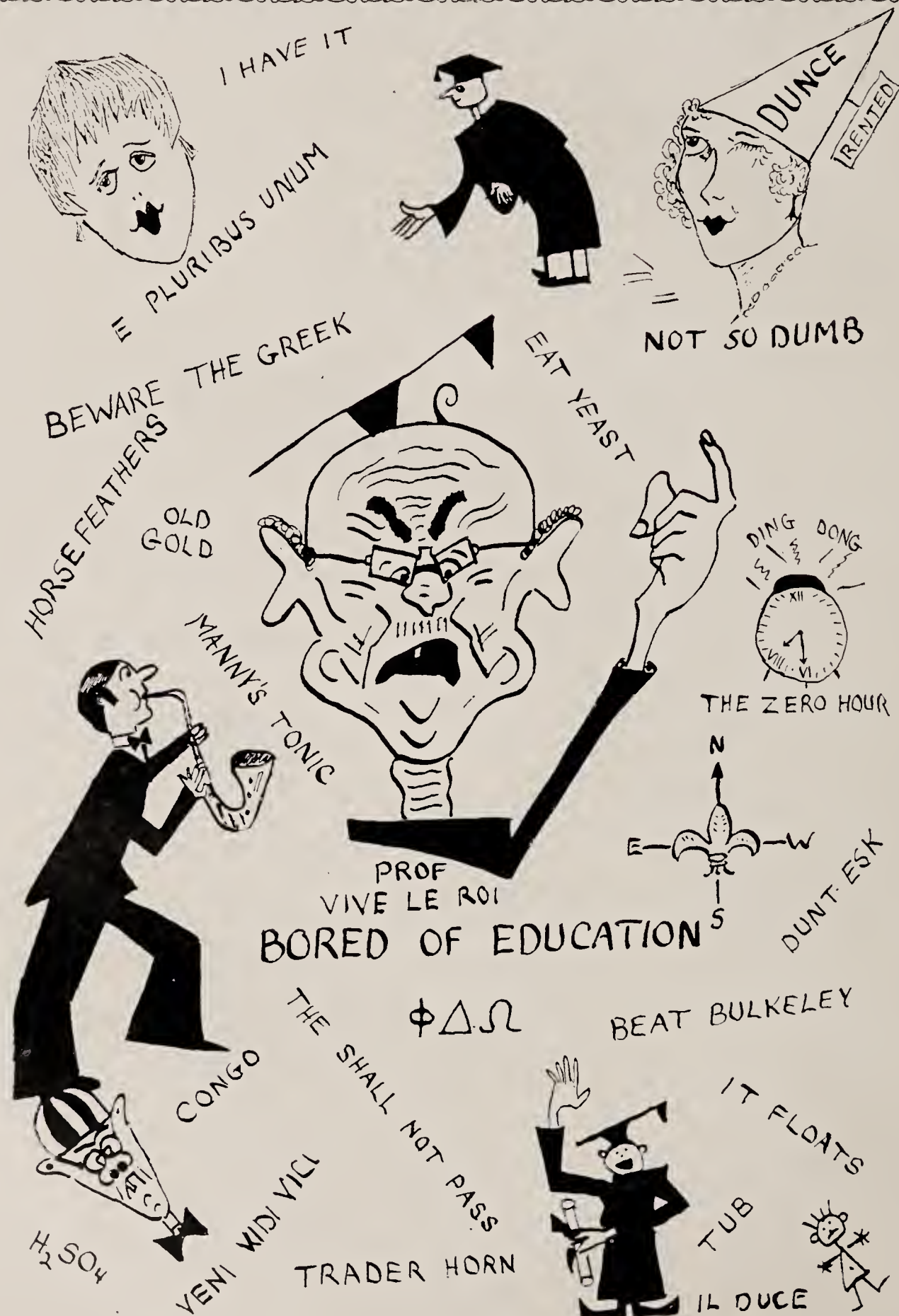
Why not drill spy holes in  
the pillars in room 227?



Our geometry  
sharks can  
never draw  
a straight  
circle.



# The Class Book of 1929A — Weaver High School







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